

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

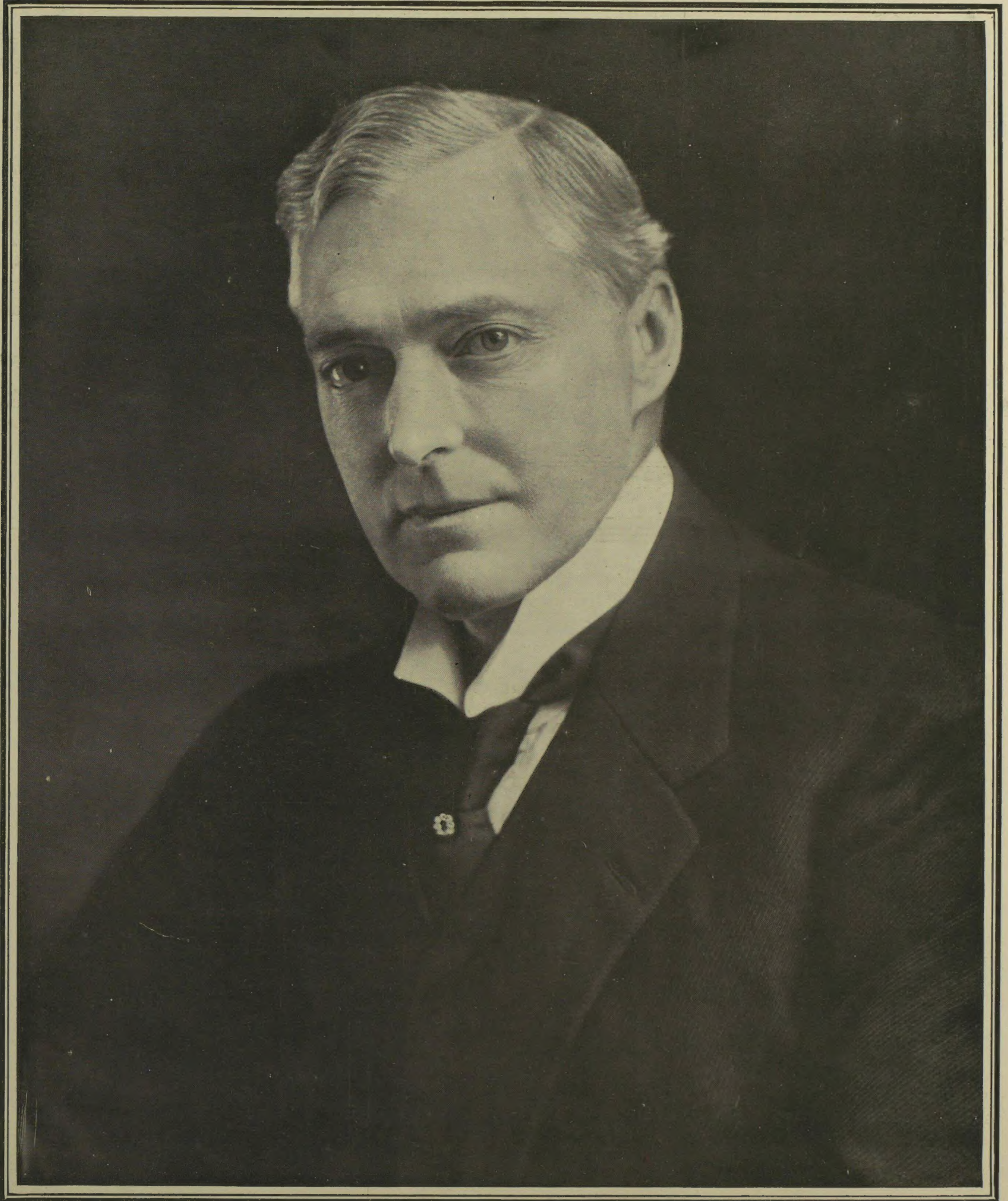
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ONE SHILLING.

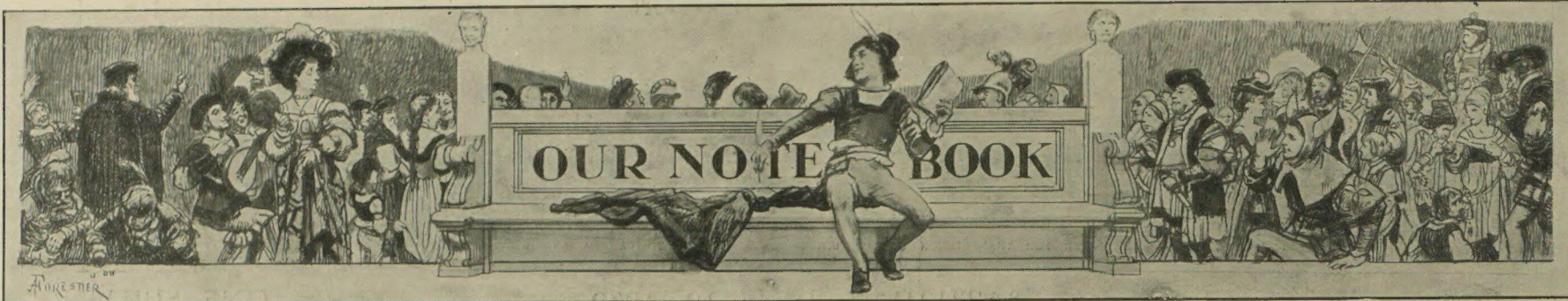
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THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: THE RIGHT HON. LORD FORSTER, P.C., D.L.

It was announced on June 15 that the King had approved the appointment of Lord Forster as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth of Australia, in succession to Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, who will shortly retire. Lord Forster, who was raised to the Peerage last year, was previously well known as Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P. He sat in the House of Commons for nearly twenty-eight years, repre-

senting Sevenoaks (as a Unionist) until the last General Election, and, after that, Bromley. On the formation of the first Coalition during the war he was appointed Financial Secretary to the War Office, and a Member of the Army Council. In his younger days Lord Forster was a good all-round sportsman and a first-rate cricketer and golfer. He married the Hon. Rachel Montagu. Both their sons fell in the war.



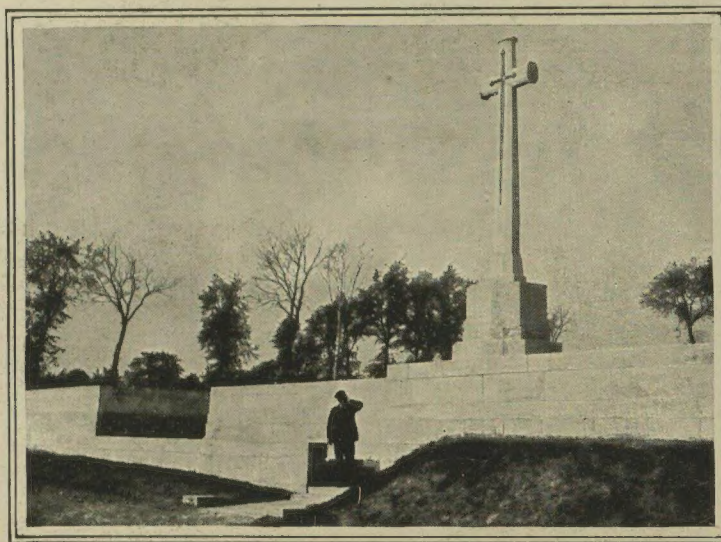
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE critics of the cinema divide themselves according to a principle with which we are only too familiar in other cases—as in that of the critics of the public-house. The unjust and unreasonable criticism of the cinema crops up with facility in every discussion. And the just and reasonable criticism of the cinema is not a criticism of the cinema, but of the whole of the diseased industrial society that produces it. Short of the drastic reform of that society, there is only one thing to be done either for the public-house or the picture-house. It is to do our best to encourage the proper use of the institution for its own proper purposes, and not for all sorts of insanely unsuitable purposes. In this respect there is only too much of a current and most demoralising habit, which I may call the careless cant of idealism. For instance, some will say that the best stories—and, perhaps, only the best stories—should be filmed for the public benefit. It is not true, and it comes very near to being the reverse of the truth. It would be nearer the mark to say that only inferior and not superior romances should be thus exhibited, for the moral benefit of mankind. But the right way of putting it, of course, is to say that certain stories of a rowdy or romantic sort will be well exhibited, and will do good; while others, of a subtle and intellectual sort, will be badly exhibited and will do harm. They will do harm to the book, of which the more delicate and detailed merits will be lost; but they will do more harm to the public, who will suffer the illusion that it has read the book when it has not. This obvious principle applies, of course, as much to a play as to a book, if a play is one depending on dialogue or on tone. There was a rumour recently that the "Pygmalion" of Mr. Bernard Shaw was to be filmed. It was, I think, unauthorised; but it is strange that it should be even reported. To talk of seeing "Pygmalion" on the cinema is like talking of having heard the Venus of Milo on the trombone, or of having bought a very good etching of an essay. It is not so much unsuitable as simply unmeaning; the words do not make any logical and scarcely any grammatical sense. The whole point of "Pygmalion" consists in words being pronounced with a particular accent, and you can no more film an accent than you can carve a tune or sing a statue. Yet I have known real cases quite as extraordinary. On the other hand, what is called the vulgar and sensational use of the cinema is obviously the worthy and sensible use of the cinema. A healthy murder story, a fine farcical burglary, a chase full of antics and surprises, even a drama of detection if it depend on dramatic exits and entrances—these are the things that this form of art can really do artistically.

My thoughts were turned to this topic by a telegram I received from America, asking me what I thought of the dictum that the cinema must replace the novel. I did not say all I thought of it; but I pointed out, of course, that no form of art can ever replace any other form of art. An epic is not a substitute for an epigram. It is not a substitute, because it does not serve the same purpose. You are in the habit of dropping some diamond of epigrammatic wit, as you salute your hostess in some crowded reception. If you

were to expand before her all the epic splendours, I will not say of "Paradise Lost," but even of some lighter trifle in forty or fifty cantos, such as "Orlando Furioso," you would create rather a social strain than a social relaxation. If this is true of eternal forms like the epic, it is obviously more true of modern forms like the cinema.

As for the people who say that murder stories incite to murder, one is tempted merely to the reckless reply



THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE: A BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY NEARING COMPLETION.

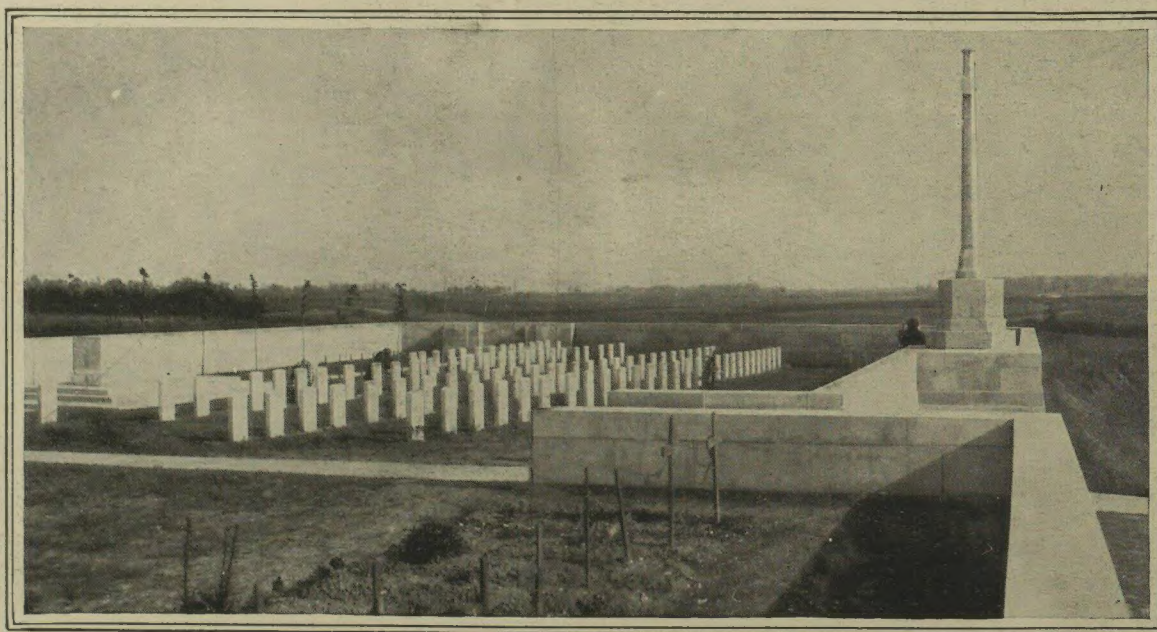
Each cemetery has its Cross of Sacrifice and its Stone of Remembrance. The latter bears the words: "Their Name Liveth for Evermore" (Ecclesiasticus 44, v. 14.) Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

that their criticisms of murder stories really might. But it will be enough for most of us to know that the temptations to crime are in life and not in literature or any other art; and, if a man does not steal because he is too poor to afford food, he will hardly do it merely because he is sufficiently rich to afford cinemas. We also know that any attempt to exclude murder stories would not be an attack on the lowest literature, but on the highest literature. "Hamlet" is a murder story;

hardly bring myself to believe it) that the censorship of cinemas forbids the firing of a pistol if the victim is supposed to be killed, but permits it if he is supposed to recover. Lord knows from what lunatic asylums our laws may come nowadays; but this would appear to be sufficiently absurd even for its own absurd object of preventing a child from becoming an assassin. It would seem somewhat safer that the little boy (of whom we all live in such bodily fear) should know that the pistol kills and the pistol is hanged, rather than he should fire in all directions, under the impression that people will recover from a pistol as easily as from a pea-shooter. I do not know what else the object could be, unless it were to prevent mankind from discovering the existence of death.

Meanwhile, of course, as I have hinted, the only real objection to the cinema is one that nobody mentions. Nobody mentions it, because everybody is helping to do the same thing in ways that are far worse. It is the indictment against the whole of our modern mechanical and urban civilisation, and it is simply this—that people cannot enjoy themselves. That is, they cannot amuse themselves, and therefore they must be amused. They do not enjoy themselves, just as they do not govern themselves, because they are not free men and do not own themselves. They have to enjoy something that does not come from themselves, but from a class of men richer or more cunning or more scientific than themselves. So in the decline of Rome the semi-servile rabble cried to the Emperor for circuses as well as for bread. Men will not be truly free so long as they depend even on the most magic machine for the emotion of seeing other people falling off precipices or rescuing brides from burning houses. Freedom will mean a citizen's interest in his own wife, in his own hearth, or his own house on fire; and a free man will fall off his own private precipice.

But this is a criticism not especially of the cinema, but of the whole machinery of modern life—a machinery of which nearly everybody justly complains, because it was going too fast, and of which nearly everybody now justly complains because it has suddenly stuck. Strikes, lock-outs, high prices, high taxes, the talk of bankruptcy, are all so many ways of saying that it has suddenly stuck. Capitalism is not at present even a practical success, far less a moral or artistic one. But public-houses and play-houses and picture theatres are no more specially perilous or poisonous than tea-shops and haberdashers' shops and hair-dressing saloons. And the habit of suspecting them and spying on them and picking particular holes in them is only a part of the worst hypocrisy of modern humanitarianism. It is part of the trick of attacking the pleasures of the poor before the



THE CARE OF THE GRAVES OF OUR SOLDIERS FALLEN IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR: A BRITISH CEMETERY NEARING COMPLETION—SHOWING THE OUTER WALL, THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE (LEFT) AND THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE (RIGHT).

Despite some protests that relatives of the fallen should be enabled to decide upon the memorial stones to be set at the graves of their dead on the battlefields of the great European War, it was decided that there should be the same heads one for all—with, incised, the symbol of the dead man's faith, his name and rank, his regimental badge, and a text or inscription chosen by his relatives.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

"Macbeth" and "Othello" are murder stories. Dante deals with murderers, as well as with all the other crimes that are and are not printed in the police news. In the Bible the story of mankind begins with a murder, and ends with the most awful of all possible murders. In the face of all this I have been told (though I can

problems of the poor. It is the fashionable amusement of dictating the hygienic arrangements of the home without knowing whether there is a home; of forcing the people to take physic when you do not know when they have taken food; and forbidding a man to have beer without allowing him to have bread.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, AND STANLEY.



THE U.S. ARMY POLO TEAM IN LONDON: (L. TO R.) CAPT. ALLEN, COL. NELSON MARGETTS, CAPT. TATE, CAPT. HARRIS, AND CAPT. RUMBOUGH.



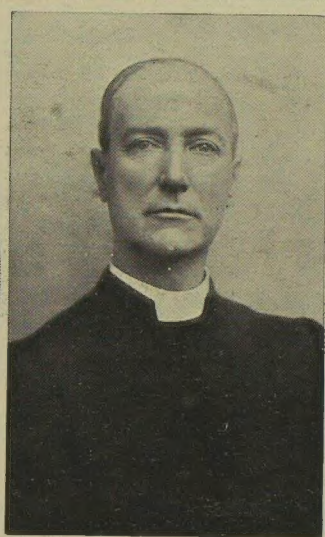
THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM: THE RIGHT REV. DR. HENSLEY HENSON.



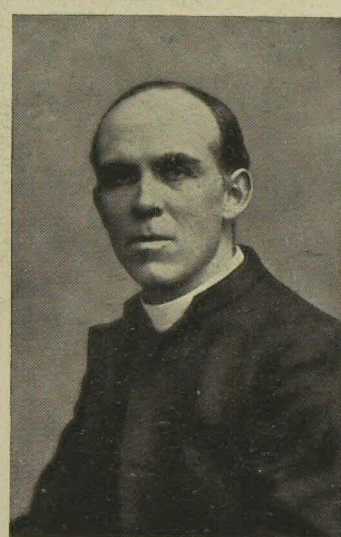
A TURKISH SUBJECT (PRO-BRITISH) GIVEN THE D.S.O.: CAPT. A. AARONSOHN.



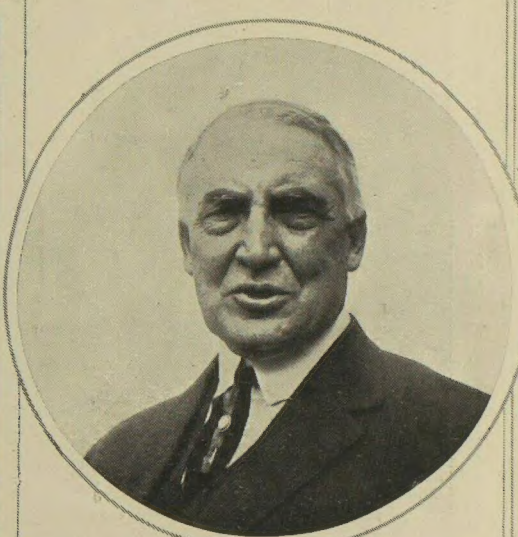
ASSASSINATED IN PARIS BY A COMPATRIOT. ESSAD PASHA, THE ALBANIAN LEADER.



THE NEW BISHOP OF HEREFORD DR. MARTIN LINTON SMITH.



THE NEW BISHOP OF CARLISLE: THE RIGHT REV. H. H. WILLIAMS.



REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. PRESIDENCY: SENATOR WARREN G. HARDING.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS: THE LATE MME. RÉJANE (GABRIELLE CHARLOTTE RÉJU).



REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA: THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO THE DUKE OF SPARTA PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

The American Army Polo Team, which recently arrived in England from the Rhine, has been playing very well at Ranelagh and Roehampton.—Several new Bishops have recently been appointed. At Durham Dr. Hensley Henson, Bishop of Hereford, succeeds the late Dr. Moule, and is succeeded at Hereford by Dr. Martin Linton Smith, D.S.O., D.D., Bishop-Suffragan of Warrington. The Rev. H. H. Williams, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, becomes Bishop of Carlisle in place of the late Dr. Diggle.—The King gave the D.S.O. recently to Capt. Alexander Aaronsohn, a Turkish subject of Jewish birth, who did valuable secret service work for the British Army in Palestine. The Turks

tortured his father and sister.—Essad Pasha, at one time Provisional President of Albania, was shot dead in Paris on June 13 by a young Albanian named Aveni Rustem.—Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, was adopted on June 12 by the Republican National Convention at Chicago as its candidate for the United States Presidency.—Mme. Réjane, the famous actress, died in Paris on June 14. She was born there in 1857.—The "Morning Post" of June 15 was "authoritatively informed" that Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, has been betrothed to the Duke of Sparta, elder brother of the King of Greece.

GERMAN ELECTIONS; "DR. JIM"; PRINCESS MARY; LABOUR DELEGATES.

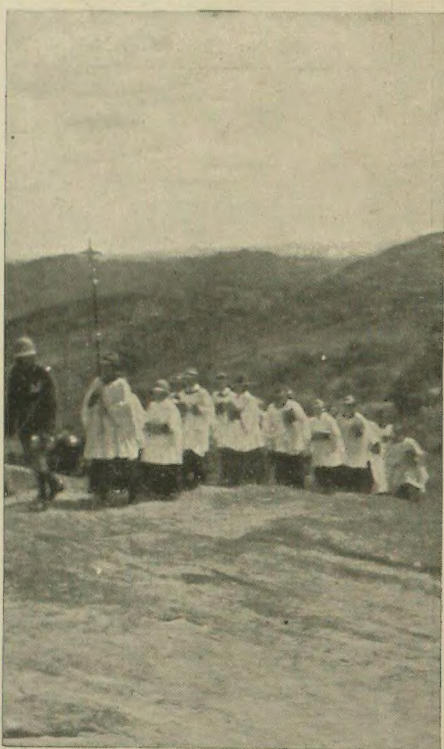
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SENNECKE, PHOTOTHEK, FRANKI, AND C.N.



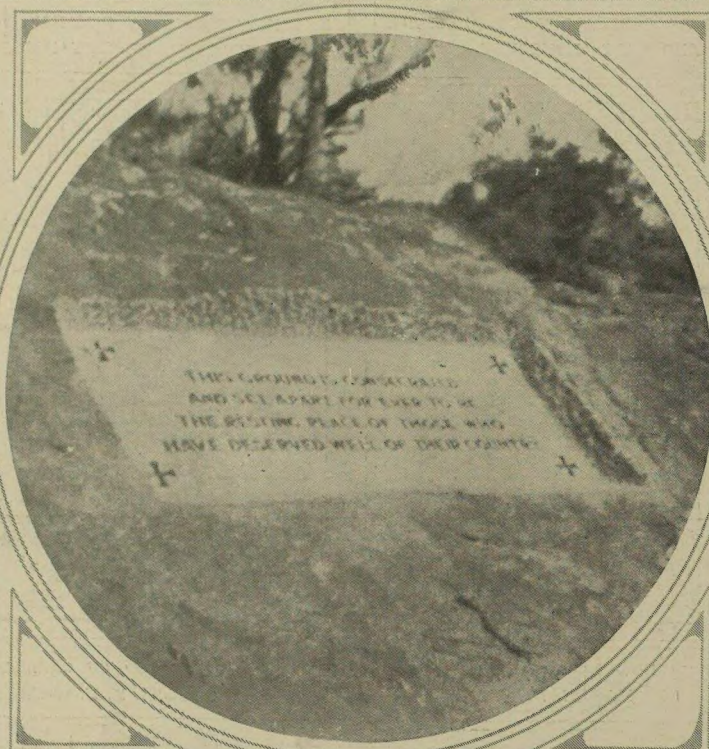
POST-WAR ELECTIONEERING AS CONDUCTED IN GERMANY: A STREET PROCESSION CARRYING NUMEROUS PROPAGANDA PLACARDS.



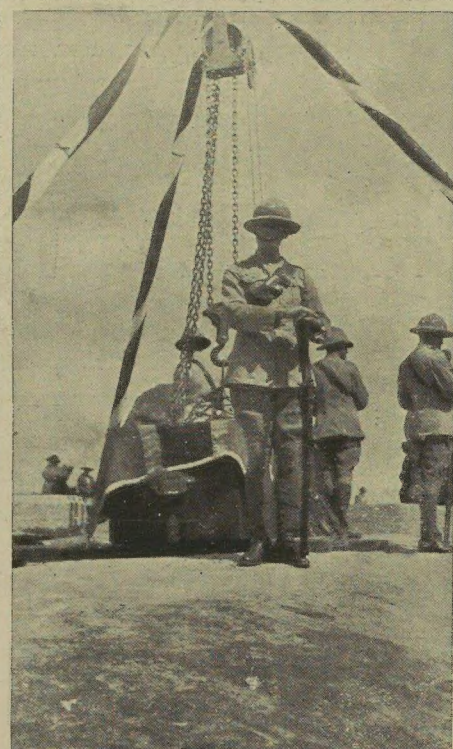
HOW VOTING IS CONDUCTED IN GERMANY TO-DAY: A SCENE AT A POLLING STATION IN BERLIN, WITH WOMEN VOTERS.



THE RE-BURIAL OF "DR. JIM": THE CHOIR ASCENDING THE MATOPO HILLS.



WHERE "DR. JIM" HAS BEEN BURIED BESIDE CECIL RHODES: THE STONE MARKING "CONSECRATED GROUND."



GUARDED BY B.S.A. POLICE: THE COFFIN, SUSPENDED OVER THE GRAVE.



RECENTLY RETURNED FROM RUSSIA WITH A REPORT ON BOL-SHEVISM: THE BRITISH LABOUR COMMISSION AT NARVA, ESTHONIA.



PRINCESS MARY PERFORMS HER FIRST PUBLIC CEREMONY: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS STARTING THE NEW MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE AT WINDSOR.

Official results of the German elections to the Reichstag and the National Assembly were issued in Berlin on June 9. The 460 Deputies elected to the Reichstag comprise—Majority Socialists, 110; Centre, 88; Democrats, 45; German Nationals, 65; German People's Party, 61; Independent Socialists, 80; Communists, 2; Other Parties, 9. The results reveal a strong element of the old bureaucratic and militarist spirit.—The re-burial of Sir Starr Jameson (formerly known as "Dr. Jim") beside his friend and leader, Cecil Rhodes, at World's View on the Matopo Hills, Rhodesia, took place on May 22. It may be recalled that Sir Starr Jameson died in England in November 1917.

The body was placed temporarily in a vault at Kensal Green, and was recently conveyed to South Africa.—The above photograph of the British Labour Commission shows (from left to right in front): Messrs. H. Skinner, T. Shaw, R. Williams (bareheaded, at back), R. Wallhead; Mrs. Snowden; Messrs. D. Haden Guest, Clifford Allen (with pipe), A. A. Purcell, C. R. Buxton (at the back), Ben Turner, Chairman (cap and beard), and W. Meakin (glasses and light overcoat).—Princess Mary performed her first public ceremony on June 14 at Windsor, where she started the Royal Borough's new motor fire-engine, which has been named after her.

A DANTE "FIND"? A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO AT RAVENNA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PIETRO BRZZI.



PAINTED ON THE VERY WALL WITHIN WHICH DANTE WAS ORIGINALLY BURIED: A FRESCO DISCOVERED DURING THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, AT RAVENNA, AND BELIEVED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF HIM.

Great interest has been aroused by the discovery at Ravenna, where Dante died in 1321, of a fresco believed to be a portrait of the poet dating from the second half of the fourteenth century. The fresco (here reproduced) was found recently by Don Antonio Rotondi during the restoration of the Church of San Francesco, which is being carried out in view of the approaching celebration, on September 21, 1921, of the sixth centenary of Dante's death. The figure is considered to be that of Dante by Prof. Gérola, Superintendent of National Monuments in Italy; for the fresco is painted on the very wall and at the same spot where the poet was originally buried by Guido Novello, Lord of Ravenna,

who was Dante's last patron. In 1677 the remains were removed to a secret resting-place to avoid their being carried away to Florence. In 1865 the coffin containing the bones of Dante was found during alterations to the church. The garb and pose of the figure in the fresco are identical with those of the bust over the monument to Dante executed by Pietro Lombardi and erected in 1483 by Bernardo Bembo. We are indebted for these particulars, and for the photograph of the fresco, to Signor A. Valgimigli, Hon. Sec. of the Manchester Dante Society. He also sends a photograph of a second fresco found at the same time, containing another portrait of Dante. This we shall publish later.

ITS GLORIES REVIVED: ASCOT, THE SEASON'S MOST BRILLIANT EVENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND L.N.A.



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION ALONG THE COURSE.



IN A STATE CARRIAGE DRAWN BY A TEAM OF GREYS: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARY, DRIVING DOWN THE COURSE.

This year's Ascot—the second since the war—revived the former glories of the famous race meeting as the most brilliant social event of the season. The King arranged to be present on each of the four days and to entertain large parties to lunch on the course. It was stated that the Queen might decide to be there only on the two principal days—Tuesday (June 15), the opening day, and Thursday, Cup Day. On this occasion it was

arranged to hold the Ascot State Processions only on those two days, instead of on each day of the meeting, as was done last year. To save the horses, their Majesties and their guests motored part of the way from Windsor, and then entered the open carriages. The Royal carriage was drawn by four of the King's handsome greys, with postillions in their brilliant old-time uniforms. The other seven carriages were drawn by teams of bays.

A PAGE OF LONDON HISTORY



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

"IN the very heart of stirring and living commerce—amid the fret and fever of speculation," the Royal Exchange looks down upon a vortex of traffic more dizzy and impetuous by many degrees than the tides that swirled there when Charles Lamb wrote the words here quoted. He used them more particularly to describe that phantom, the South Sea House; but Gresham's solid foundation was inevitable to the picture, for Elia goes on to add, "with the Bank and the Change and the India House about thee." However the centre of gravity in affairs may shift, the Royal Exchange and its historic neighbours are still the rallying-point of all thought that seeks to focus the City of London. There, in comparatively little space, the ultimate majesty of merchant-craft, of high finance, and of civic order stands revealed in familiar symbols. Here the poet of business might borrow a line to which a poet of pleasure was inspired by a great crossways further west, and exclaim: "This is London, this is Life!"

The history of the Royal Exchange, the Home of the Golden Grasshopper, begins with Sir Thomas Gresham. Into the exploded legend of his name and origin one need not enter here. He came of a noble Norfolk family whose crest was a grasshopper. In 1551 he went to Antwerp as the King's Merchant, or Royal Agent, at a time when the exchange on English money ruled very low. This Gresham set himself to amend, and thereby got Edward VI. out of debt. The Bourse at Antwerp had given Sir Thomas's father the idea of a similar institution for London, where merchants met in all weathers in Lombard Street. It was reserved for the son to carry this design into actual practice. His building, a close

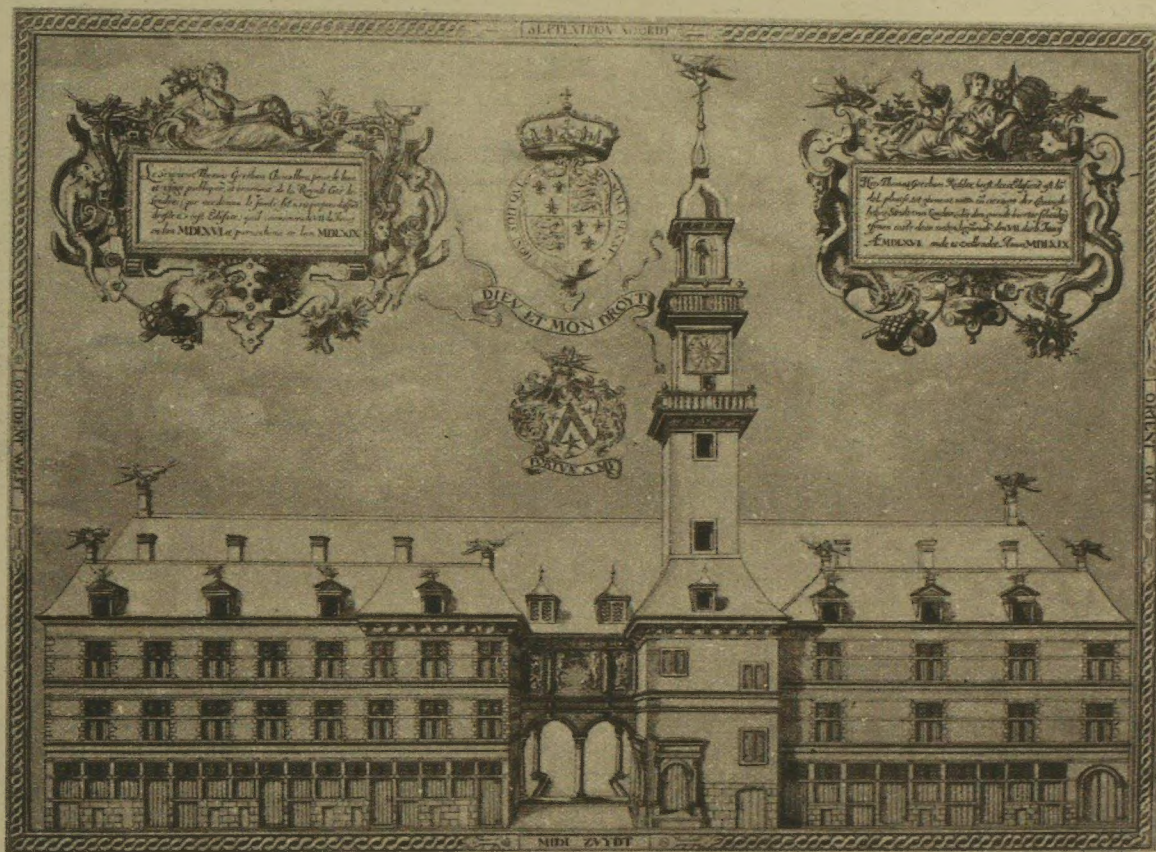
DESIGNED BY TITE AND OPENED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1844: THE PRESENT ROYAL EXCHANGE—A BAXTER PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER (1806—1867).

copy of its Antwerp prototype, was opened in 1570. The open quadrangle was surrounded by an arcade, above which ran a similar gallery, called the Pawn (German, *Bahn*—a path), divided into a hundred small shops, from the rents of which the founder hoped to recoup himself for his outlay. They let ill at first, but

Sept. 28, 1669. As before, the upper galleries were used for bric-à-brac shops, but in 1739 they were deserted by fashionable trade and took a new dignity, for they had become in part the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, which, amid all the varying fortunes of actual stone and lime, still remains and flourishes increasingly in the present structure, the third on the original site. Once again, on Jan. 10, 1838, fire destroyed the Royal Exchange. The

third and existing building, designed by Tite, was opened by Queen Victoria on Oct. 24, 1844, and formal business began on the New Year's Day following.

From the uses of Gresham's original intention, the great court of the Royal Exchange has declined considerably. No throngs frequent the quadrangle: once or twice a week a few bill-brokers meet there, but the central area usually suggests "a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral." Not so the circumambient buildings. There flows the full flood of Lloyd's, nerve-centre of the Seven Seas; there also is the busy hive of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, securing from loss not only sea-borne property, but the lives, the homes, and the effects of the citizen. Faithful to its bursarial home, as one might say, this venerable but ever-youthful Corporation goes



OPENED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH IN 1570, AND DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE, 1666: THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE (SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S)—THE SOUTH FRONT.

at last the Pawn became the society lounge, as the old plays attest.

Gresham's beautiful Exchange perished almost entirely in the Great Fire. Another was immediately begun, Charles II. fixing the first pillar in 1667. Meanwhile the merchants met in Gresham College. The new building, designed by Jerman, was opened on

on from strength to strength, justifying its great traditions.

It has a history worth recording, this House within a House. It begins at the moment when the South Sea Bubble, blown almost to bursting point, filled 'Change Alley with "a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, Churchmen and Dissenters,



OPENED IN 1669: THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE (WHOSE FIRST PILLAR WAS FIXED BY CHARLES II.) BUILT AFTER THE GREAT FIRE—AN ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOZZI IN 1788.



SHOWING THE UPPER GALLERIES, WHERE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION HAD ITS OFFICES: THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN 1788—A BARTOLOZZI ENGRAVING.

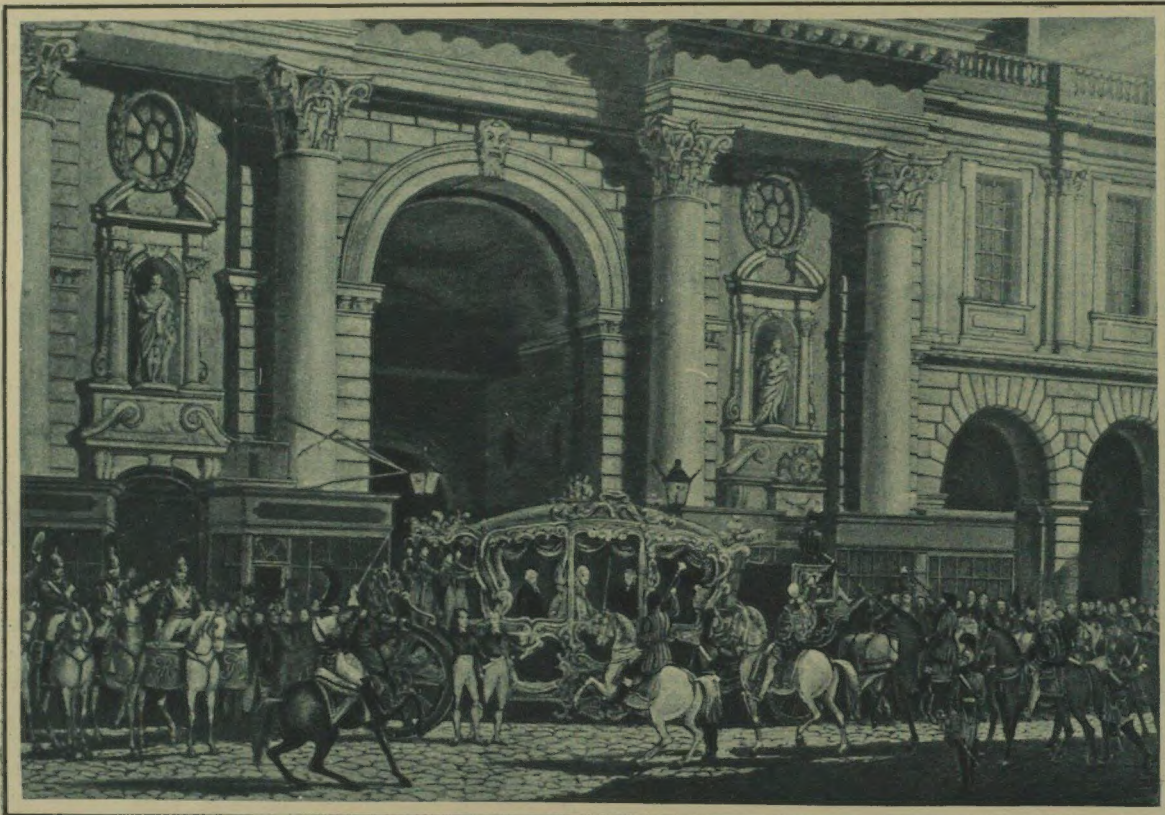


SHOWING THE BANK OF IRELAND, TRINITY COLLEGE, AND THE DUBLIN BRANCH OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION (LEFT FOREGROUND): COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN, IN 1808.

Whigs and Tories, physicians and lawyers, tradesmen and even females."

In 1717, Case Billingsley, a City solicitor, infected with speculating mania, formed a scheme of Marine Insurance destined to prove no bubble but a sound concern. In January 1718, he had found so much support that his group petitioned Government for a charter. In this the directors did not succeed, but they cast about to purchase some charter, old, but still valid. They discovered that of the Mines Royal, The Mineral, and Battery Works (Elizabeth, 1568), which still carried rights of incorporation. This they purchased, and although their warrant only ran "for mining gold, silver, tin, and other metals in Great Britain," they boldly embarked on Marine Insurance. Perhaps they were not so far off the letter of their licence after all, for their undertaking has certainly resulted in much gold, silver and, popularly speaking, "tin." It was important, however, to get the Corporation formally legalised, for enemies were abroad. With the help of Lord Onslow they persuaded George I. to grant a charter, in return for which the Corporation helped his Majesty over an awkward stile to the tune of £300,000. On June 22, 1720, therefore, the Mines Royal, The Mineral, and Battery Works was duly incorporated by Royal Charter under the name of the Royal Exchange Assurance. South Sea Stock was by this time dead, but the new insurance company was growing to vigorous manhood.

In the following year the Crown granted a second charter empowering the directors to undertake Fire



WITH THE PORTICO OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AS A PICTURESQUE BACKGROUND: THE PROCLAMATION OF KING GEORGE IV., IN 1820.

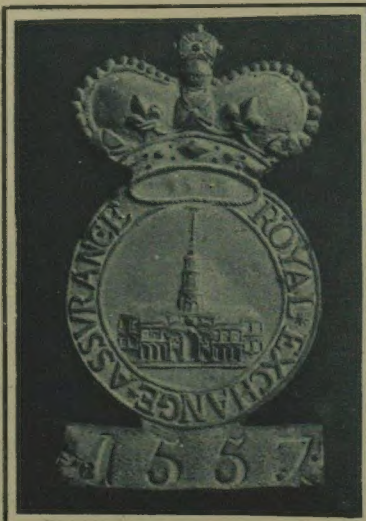


THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE DESTROYED BY FIRE, ON JANUARY 10, 1838: A CONTEMPORARY LITHOGRAPH SHOWING THE FIRE-ENGINES OF THE PERIOD.

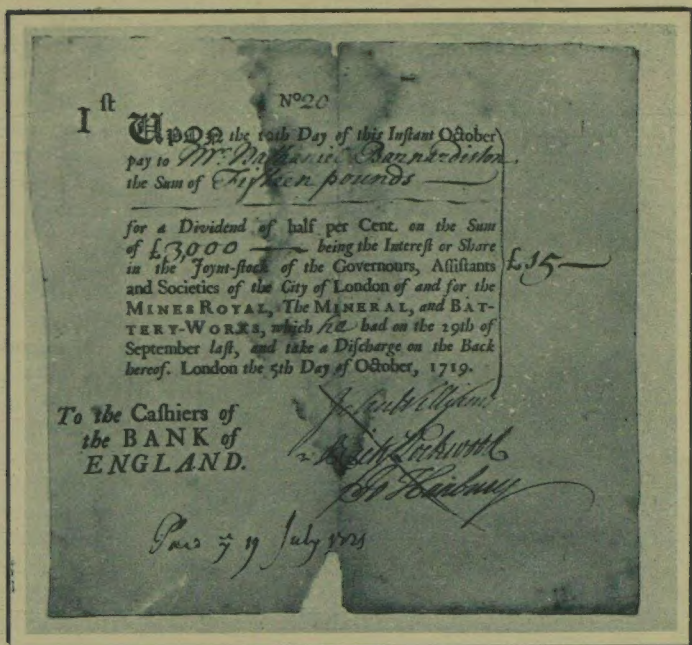
and Life Insurance; but for quite a century the main part of the business was Marine. Nevertheless the directors got the Fire Insurance machinery well in hand, against the day when the public would better appreciate the benefits offered. A special Fire Committee was formed. Firemen and porters were engaged, for in those days the rickety parish fire-engine lightened risks only to a negligible extent, and underwriters had to send out their own engines and brigades. The Royal Exchange Assurance firemen wore a yellow uniform lined with pink (what did such finery look like after a big fire?), steel caps covered with leather, and carried crow-bars, pickaxes, and "preventors in the nature of boat-hooks." Rates were fixed, agents appointed, and printed proposals hung in all the coffee-houses. The Corporation decided to do no fire business in America, unless where they had an agent on the spot. In one of the corridors of the office, the visitor may see one of the Company's old hand fire-engines, still handsome and beautifully kept, an early example of Merryweather's fine work. This machine probably played its useful part at the burning of the Exchange in 1838. But that blaze defeated the appliances of the times. By it the Company lost many valuable and interesting records of its early undertakings, and certain gaps in its history will never be adequately filled. That is all the more regrettable, because of the extreme interest of the period. The Company has seen the foundation of our Indian Empire, the Secession of the American Colonies, the Declaration of Independence, the wars of Frederick the Great, the Forty-Five, the Napoleonic

drama, the progress and combats of the Nineteenth Century, and that titanic struggle which throws all chronicles of warfare into insignificance. Yet through all storms and changes it keeps its place "On 'Change," increasingly secure and prosperous.

As a Napoleonic war episode one may recall a certificate still preserved in the office, stating that the subscriptions of the officers, clerks and others of the Corporation towards the funds for the South Coast Defences amounted to £177 13s. 6d. Another reflection of that epoch is the effect of the war on the rates for marine insurance. Up to 1793, when war with France began, the average marine premium income was between £20,000 and £100,000. Immediately thereafter it rose rapidly, touching £300,000



AS USED IN 1722: THE FIRE MARK OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.



ISSUED IN 1719: A DIVIDEND WARRANT OF THE MINES ROYAL, THE MINERAL, AND BATTERY WORKS, WHOSE CHARTER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION BOUGHT.

the two Bartolozzi engravings of the second Exchange. A coloured lithograph of minor importance claims passing notice on account of a curious happening. On the day the present writer visited the offices, it was remarked by an official that the lithograph in question, a view from the roof, strained actuality by showing the towers of Westminster. This was believed to be a stretch of the artist's imagination. Later the visitor was taken to the roof to enjoy the wonderful view of London. Some trick of light or windy distribution of smoke that evening had achieved the seemingly impossible. The officer of the Company had no sooner looked westward over the tympanum, than he exclaimed: "The artist's right, after all!" I never saw Westminster from here before!" And there, exquisitely outlined against an amber sky, rose that magical group of towers.

An essay as long as one of Macaulay's would not exhaust the absorbing detail of this old Corporation's progress. From a point of

mere historical association, it provides material for volumes. Literature, as well as Art, finds encouragement within its walls, for the staff, until the outbreak of the war, conducted its own magazine, edited by a distinguished playwright, who formerly was a member of the Corporation's staff. But business is business, and that is the first concern. The others are graceful accessories of a House that knows how to combine commerce with culture, on the good old plan of the mediæval guilds. In business pure and simple, the Royal Exchange Assurance is intensely alive. Even amid the shock of the fire of 1838, the Corporation inaugurated an important reform in its Life Branch. For more than

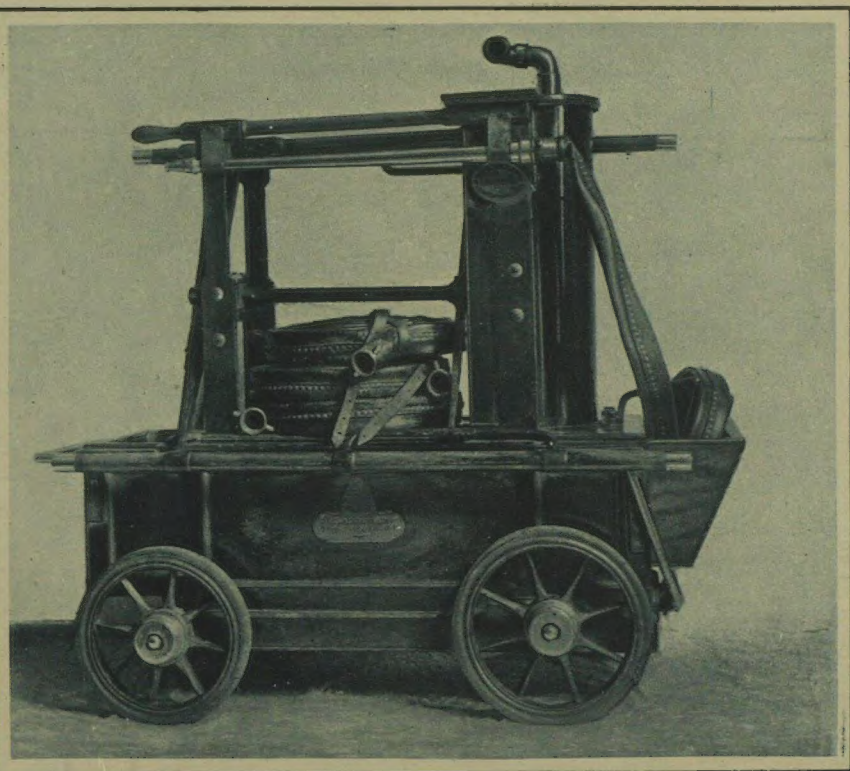
Jan. 1, 1842, the principle of participating policies was adopted.

All through the Nineteenth Century, although the Corporation's financial position was very sound, no great expansion resulted until the closing years. For the last twenty-five years a policy of expansion has been adopted which has vindicated itself in the rapid increase of all departments. In 1899 the Accident Department was opened. Six years later the Corporation originated the practice of appointing insurance companies as trustees and



FIRST DRESSED IN YELLOW UNIFORM LINED WITH PINK: A FIREMAN OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION IN 1832.

executors. The premium income is the sure index of recent rapid growth. In 1891 it stood at only £436,000; in 1900 this figure was doubled; in 1902 it had leaped to over £1,000,000. The second million, however, was not reached until thirteen years later. But speed was again accelerated to a remarkable degree. Only four years more, and the sum exceeded £3,500,000. Such figures need no comment. They justify most amply, however, the Corporation's pride in its reputation, built up during two centuries of honest endeavour and capable management.



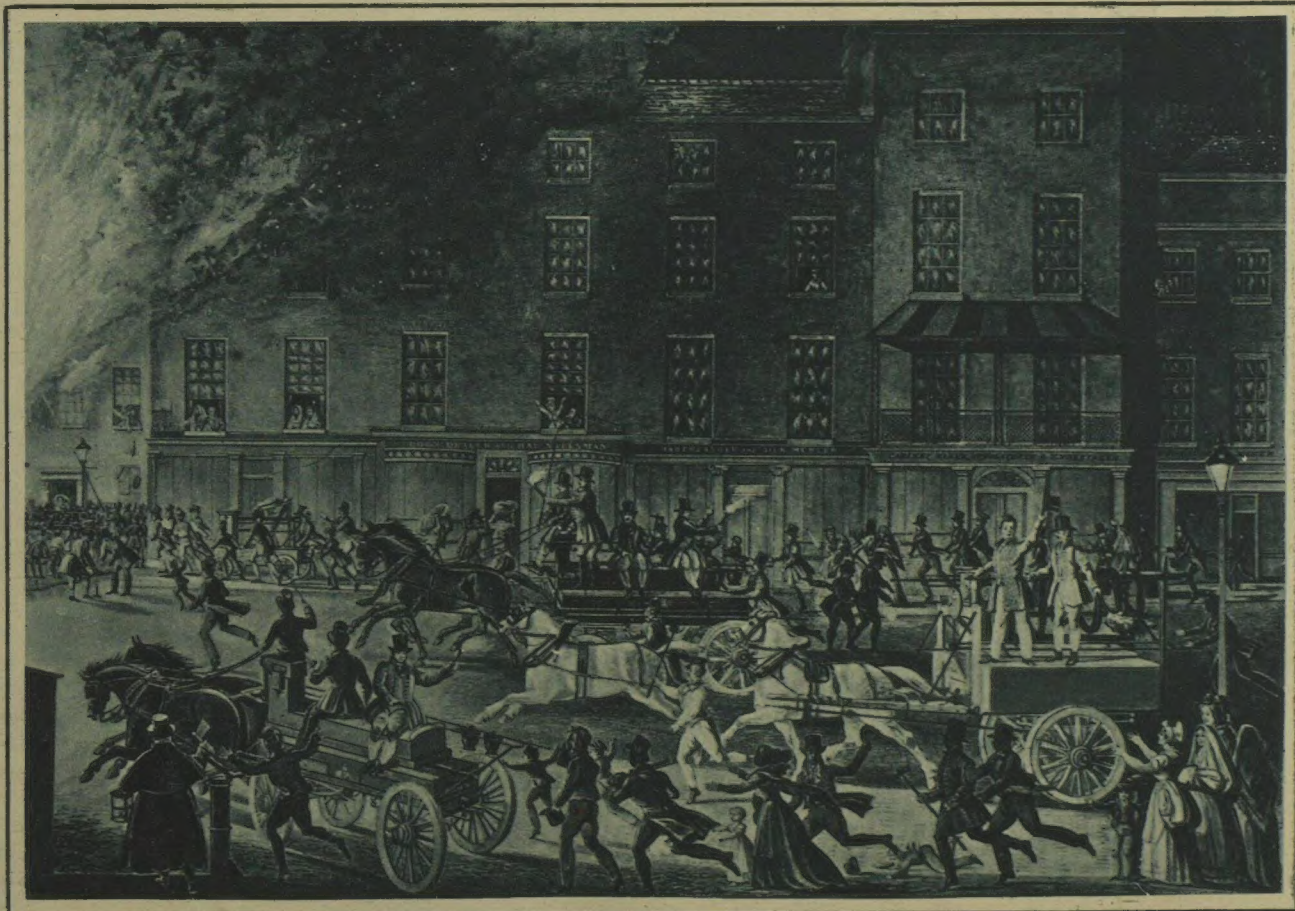
ONE OF THE OLD HAND FIRE-ENGINES OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION: AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF MERRYWEATHER'S WORK.

in 1799. With the Peace of Amiens it fell below £100,000. On the renewal of hostilities the figure mounted again, reaching beyond £950,000 in 1814—a record amount, not paralleled again until the Great War. Documents of 1815 attest the Directors' generosity towards distressed factory workers and labourers and the industrial poor of London. The Company also subscribed largely to the Waterloo Memorial.

The Royal Exchange Assurance has emerged from the stress of the recent war with flying colours. The greater number of its young men saw active service in the field; those who could not do so followed an old tradition of the House—the example of those former officials who, during the Chartist Riots of 1844, enrolled in the ranks of the Special Constables.

Together with the records of 120 years, the fire of 1838 cost the Corporation many valuable pictures and pieces of furniture. The office is still, however, the home of a second collection of intensely interesting paintings and engravings relating to domestic history. There one may trace in series the whole architectural history of the Royal Exchange, where this venerable Corporation resides under the shadow of the portico that forms so picturesque a background to the heraldic pageantry of Royal Proclamations. Saving Westminster itself, there is not, perhaps, another corner of London where so much history converges. Within you may read it in pictorial microcosm. Some of the treasures are here reproduced by the courtesy of the Directors. Particularly noteworthy are

120 years the profits from life policies were transferred to the benefit of the stockholders, but from

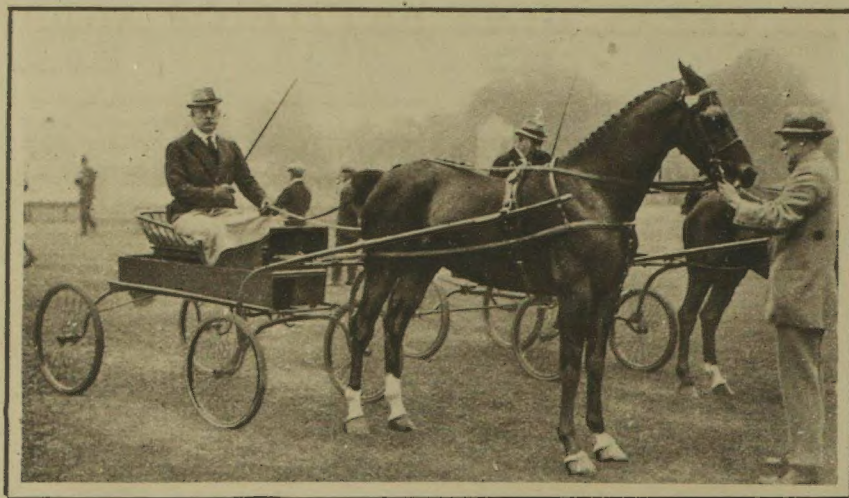


IN THE DAYS WHEN INSURANCE COMPANIES PROVIDED THEIR OWN FIRE BRIGADES: ENGINES ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF A LONDON FIRE IN 1830.

Royalty at the Richmond Horse Show: The King's Interest in the Mounted Police Competition.



WITH THE PRIZES: (L. TO R.) KING MANOEL, QUEEN AUGUSTA, PRINCESS ALICE, QUEEN AMELIE, THE MARQUESS OF CAMBRIDGE, THE EARL OF ATHLONE MR. ROMER WILLIAMS.



THE ORGANISER OF THE PARADE OF OLD CARRIAGES AT OLYMPIA: CAPTAIN BERTRAM MILLS WITH HIS EDGWARE MARVEL, A PRIZE-WINNER.



WINNER OF THE COACHING CLUB FOUR-IN-HAND COMPETITION: MR. C. J. PHILLIPS' TEAM OF BAY-BROWNS.

The Richmond Horse Show was held, on a much larger scale than usual, on June 10, 11 and 12, in the Old Deer Park. On the opening day there were present Queen Amélie of Portugal; King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria; Princess Alice Countess of Athlone; and the Earl of Athlone. Captain Bertram Mills, who organised the Parade of Old Carriages (illustrated elsewhere in this number) at the International Horse Show at

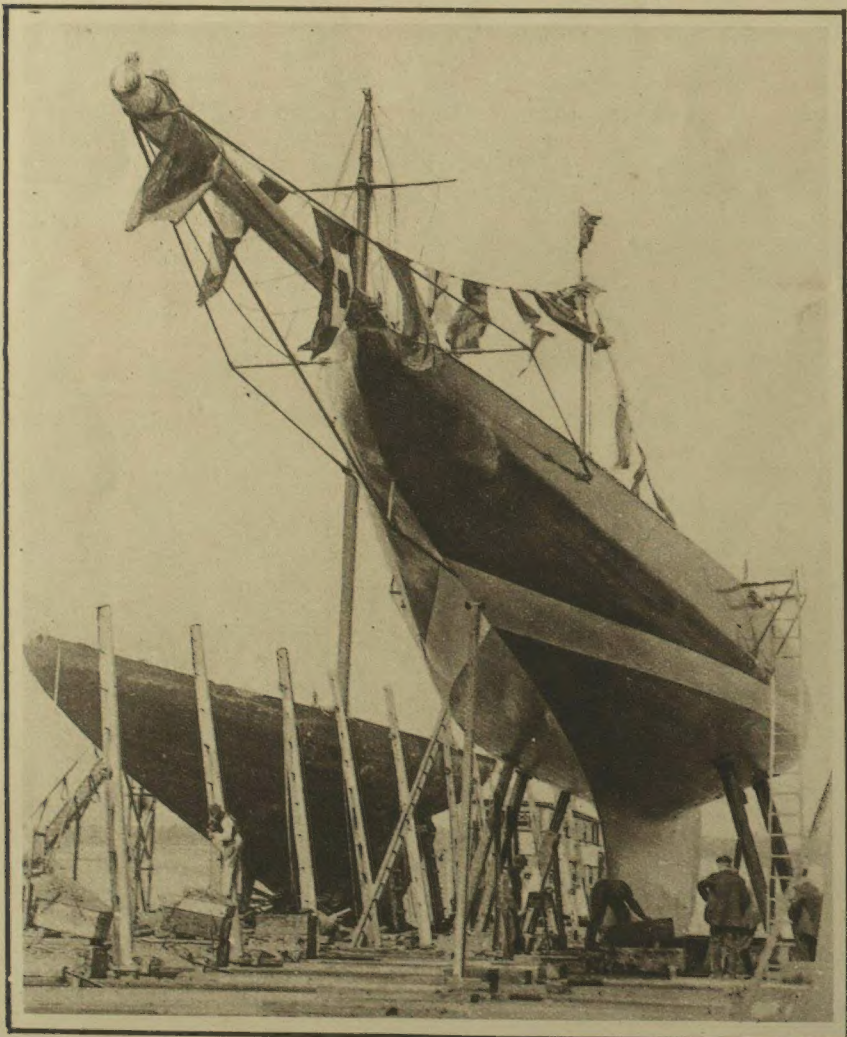
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. W. ROUCH, BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, LTD., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



PRESENTER OF A MOUNTED POLICE CHALLENGE CUP: THE KING INSPECTING A NON-SKID SHOE.

Olympia, took a first prize at Richmond for Novice Harness Horses with his Edgware Marvel. On the third day the King and Queen visited the Richmond Show, and were received by the Marquess of Cambridge, President of the Show, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Romer Williams, and other judges. The challenge cup for the Mounted Police Competition presented by the King was won by P.-C. Branigan, who received it from his Majesty.

Sporting Celebrities: The Challenger for the America Cup; and a Lady Golf Champion.



MUCH ALTERED SINCE SHE ARRIVED IN AMERICA IN 1914: SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP, "SHAMROCK IV."—THE BOW.

Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, "Shamrock IV.," the Challenger for the America Cup, was sent across the Atlantic in 1914, and has remained in America since. She has been considerably altered in appearance while there. Among other things, her bow has been changed from a scow to the lines of an extreme racing cutter. The photograph shows



THE ENGLISH LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: (L. TO R.) MISS CECIL LEITCH (THE RUNNER-UP) AND MISS J. WETHERED (THE CHAMPION).

her at City Island before her mast was stepped. She was recently launched and went on trial trips in Long Island Sound.—The Final of the English Ladies' Golf Championship took place at Sheringham on June 11. Miss J. Wethered, of Worplesdon, beat Miss Cecil Leitch by 2 and 1 in a round of 36 holes. It was a match full of exciting moments.

PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RIGHT BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

THE GREAT GOLF BATTLE OF MUIRFIELD: A BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE DEFEATER OF THE AMERICAN RUNNER-UP: MR. CYRIL TOLLEY, THE NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION, WITH THE CUP.



THE END OF "A GREAT AND FRIENDLY MATCH": MR. TOLLEY SHOULDERED, AS WAS HIS DEFEATED AMERICAN OPPONENT.



"A MIRACULOUS SHOT": MR. TOLLEY GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER AT THE THIRTEENTH IN THE LAST ROUND OF THE MATCH.



"PHYSICAL POWER AND A PERFECT SWING": MR. TOLLEY DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTH TEE.



WATCHING MR. GARDNER PUTTING ON THE HOME GREEN: THE CROWD THAT FOLLOWED THE MATCH.



A HIGHLY POPULAR "INVADER" WHO STARTED FAVOURITE IN THE FINAL: MR. ROBERT GARDNER (OF CHICAGO) DRIVING.

Seldom, if ever, has there been a more thrilling final for the Amateur Golf Championship than the match at Muirfield on June 11, when Mr. Cyril Tolley, by doing a wonderful two at the thirty-seventh hole, beat Mr. Robert Gardner, of Chicago. It was a ding-dong game all through, and at one time it looked as if Mr. Gardner must win; but Mr. Tolley made a magnificent recovery. The new Amateur Champion is secretary of the Oxford team, and came into the front rank by his play for the University last year. He is only twenty-two, and has had but a short experience of big matches. Mr. Robert

Gardner, of Chicago, was generally expected to carry off the Championship. He is very popular over here, and no one would have grudged him the victory if he had won. The fine spirit of sportsmanship in which the match was played was shown by the fact that he, as well as Mr. Tolley, was carried shoulder-high by enthusiastic spectators after the finish. While golf and other sports are played in that spirit, they assume a higher importance than that of a mere pastime by becoming a very powerful means of promoting international goodwill.

THE "COMMODORE" OF PICKWICKIAN FAME, AND OTHER VEHICLES: THE PARADE OF OLD CARRIAGES AT OLYMPIA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



INCLUDING THE ORIGINAL TANDEM CART IN "GOING TO THE MOORS" AND A REPRODUCTION OF "SOMETHING SLAP": HISTORIC VEHICLES AT THE 1ST AFTER-WAR INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

In connection with the International Horse Show at Olympia, the first held since the war, the organisers have arranged a novel attraction. Every day that the Show is open (June 16 to 26) there is being presented a parade of old vehicles, illustrating modes of travel and methods of carriage-building before the days of trains and motor-cars. Some 26 different types are represented, from the light and dashing gig to the ponderous mail coach which plied between London and York. Those used in the parades are not modern replicas, but actual vehicles of the time, some of them historic. In the foreground of our drawing, from left to right round the curve, are seen, a Vis-à-Vis coach (preceding the tandem) built for the Hon. Mrs. Fletcher Norton about 1842; a Tandem Cart, of sporting type, built about 1830, the actual vehicle from which C. D. Newhouse painted his famous picture, "Going to the Moors"; a Gig equipped as

a faithful reproduction of the well-known picture, "Something Slap," by H. Alken, believed to represent a Mr. Barclay, who kept a relay of smart, oddly coloured gig-horses, and used to leave London just after the coach for York and always arrived there first; a George IV. Lady's Driving Phaeton (Whip, Mrs. T. Glencross) built in 1820; the London and York Mail Coach, built in 1820, the last coach run to York before railways began, and later used on the London to Brighton road until 1894; the London to Rochester Stage Coach, the "Commodore," built in 1839 and immortalised by Dickens in "Pickwick," presented with old Weller driving, and Pickwick, Snodgrass, Tupman, Winkle, and Alfred Jingle as passengers (the actual coach recently discovered in the West of England); a Cabriolet—a vehicle very fashionable in early Victorian times—built for Napoleon III.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE DEADWOOD COACH AND OTHERS: OLD VEHICLES AT OLYMPIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



OF THE TYPE USED FOR GRETN GREEN RUNAWAY MARRIAGES: A POSTING CHARIOT BUILT ABOUT 1820.



FITTED WITH PILLOWS AND LEG-RESTS FOR NIGHT TRAVELLING AND BUILT ABOUT 1820: A "DORMEUSE" CHARIOT.



BUILT ABOUT 1840 FOR THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND: A "DRESS CHARIOT," WITH PERCH AND SALISBURY BOOT.



ONCE THE PROPERTY OF NAPOLEON III. AND NOW OF MME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION: A COACH BUILT IN 1869.



EQUIPPED IN THE IMPERIAL STYLE: A RUSSIAN TROIKA OF THE "CALESH" (VICTORIA) TYPE



BROUGHT TO ENGLAND BY BUFFALO BILL AND RECENTLY FOUND IN AN "OLD IRON" DEALER'S YARD: THE DEADWOOD STAGE COACH.

We illustrate here some more of the historic vehicles in the Parade of Old Carriages at the Horse Show at Olympia, in addition to those seen in our double-page drawing. The Posting Chariot was built about 1820 for Major-General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bt. In the Dormeuse the seventh Duke of Beaufort (grandfather of the present Duke) travelled to Vienna for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria. The Russian troika (three-horse team) is built in several types. In the above case, the centre horse with the *douga* (arch

over the head) is a trotter of record speed. The two side horses (*prestashniki*) gallop with heads down; these have both been through the war. The costumes are of the Imperial Russian period, and the occupant of the carriage is from the Russian Ballet. The Deadwood Stage Coach, built in the 'sixties, originally ran from Deadwood, South Dakota, to Spearfish, S.D., and was often attacked by outlaws and Indians, as bullet-marks bear witness. Buffalo Bill (Colonel Cody) brought it to England about 1885 with his "Wild West Show."

GAMES NEMAUSUS NEVER KNEW: AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF A BULL-FIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE BY THE COMPAGNIE AERIEUNE FRANÇAISE.



AN OLD ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE USED AS A BULL-RING: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A *CORRIDA* IN PROGRESS AT NÎMES (ANCIENT NEMAUSUS) IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Spain is not the only country of the bull-ring. At the old French city of Nîmes—called in Roman days Nemausus, and famous for its remains of Roman architecture—the ancient amphitheatre is occasionally used for bull-fights. This remarkable photograph, taken from an aeroplane, shows a *corrida* in progress there on May 23. The dark spot near the centre of the arena is the bull. Close to the animal, but scarcely distinguishable from it in the photograph, is a matador. Slightly higher up to the left is a picador

mounted on a white horse, and other picadors are seen round the edge of the circus. In the passage-way that runs round behind the barrier, near the gate at the back through which the animal has entered, is a group of attendants ready to rush forward and drag out the bull's body when the matador has killed it. Sometimes, as in the recent case of Joselito's death at Talavera, the bull kills the matador. Nîmes is the capital of the Department of Gard. The amphitheatre dates from about the second century A.D.



WHERE THE "FIKEE" COMPETES WITH THE MODERN SCHOOLMASTER: PUPILS LEARNING THE KORAN IN A CAIRO MOSQUE

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER TYNDAL, R.I. (SEE NOTE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT is hard, in these days of azure and gold and youngling green, to read the books of bookish men. So I shall reserve such book-worm's joys as "Frederick Locker-Lampson: A

Character Sketch" (Constable; 25s. net), composed and edited by his son-in-law, the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, for the coming spell of wet weather, when it is impossible to go and sit in the sun at Lord's or the Oval. "CRICKET" (Longmans, Green and Co.; 15s. net), a new edition of the famous volume in the Badminton Library, is much more appropriate to my present mood, and the weather's. It is edited and partly written by Mr. P. F. Warner, the much-beloved "Plum," who is batting so well this season, in spite of a burden of forty-seven years; and he has enlisted Messrs. G. L. Jessop, D. J. Knight, and E. R. Wilson, all of the latter-day vintage of cricketers, as contributors to his charming book. The reproductions of about fifty of Mr. G. W. Beldam's famous action photographs are delightful, for they enable you to see "W. G." ready to play the ball, Tom Richardson going full-speed ahead, Victor Trumper at the follow-through of a drive, Gregor MacGregor whipping off the bails, and many another fine sight which will never again be seen in earthly playing-fields. You can take the book to Lord's and enjoy it (as I have done) without worrying your eyes at all to read it. The reading-matter, of course, is altogether admirable; especially Mr. Rockway Wilson's dissertation on bowling, ancient and modern, Mr. P. F. Warner's on captaincy, and Mr. G. L. Jessop's on fielding. But heaven knows what some of the orthodox stylists, such as R. A. H. Mitchell, would have thought of Mr. D. J. Knight's chapter on the art of batting! Could they see Mr. Knight and Hobbs making a first-wicket stand for Surrey, they would surely think their game had been Bolshevised.

What a pity some of our hefty young poets, among whom there are several decent cricketers, do not celebrate our *Ludi Humaniores* in noble numbers! Henley once advised me to write verse about cricket and football and boxing, using the ancient French verse-forms—the ballade especially—which are so admirably adapted for describing the ever-recurring

lifting their right hands heavenward, as though appealing to the divine justice to ratify a decision. The ballade ended as follows—

Death at the wicket stands watching Life's play;
In his white smock-frock he has pinned the rose
Of Love sweetly fading. Though eager to stay,
When he lifts his arm, the best of us goes.

Any young Georgian, supposing he is not caught in the *vers-libre* movement, could improve on that poor, pathetic trifle.

There are, of course, a few poet-cricketers. For example, Mr. Norman Gale, whose lyrics in honour



THE EARLIEST-KNOWN PORTRAIT OF J. M. W. TURNER: A PENCIL AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY GEORGE DANCE, R.A., DATED AUGUST 9, 1792.

This portrait is included in the five-day sale of the Wellesley collection of drawings and miniatures, to begin on June 28, at Sotheby's. It is among the lots to be sold on the second day (June 29).

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

of a game he himself played with some distinction are inspired with a roseate enthusiasm almost too deep for rhythm and rhyme. He is one of the writers whom I shall choose to help me make a practice pitch in the asphodel-meadows when Charon has pouched my penny—probably the fare has gone up to twopence, like the letter rate. The anonymous author of the Harrow cricket-song, which in my time I have taught to more than one rustic eleven, to sing on the way home after a well-earned victory—

Willow the King is a monarch grand;
Three in a row his courtiers stand.
Every day when the sun shines bright,
The doors of his palace are painted white,
And all the company bow their backs
To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax—

the author of this quaint lyric, which is set to one of the liveliest of Henry Farmer's tunes, ought to give us more of this staunch, home-brewed stuff, if, as I devoutly hope, he is still among the living. Andrew Lang, again, left one or two stirring cricket-poems. Then there was A. H. J. Cochrane, who got into the Oxford XI. for his bowling, and his shrewd verse is very much indeed to my liking—

Sirs, I was taken off; expletives fail.
He did not use the weapon's edge at all.
They bowled him with an under like a snail.
This is the man that snicketh the length ball.

And I confess to having found great pleasure in the "Few Overs" of that fine cricketer and staunch captain, Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, who once took six wickets for twenty-one runs in Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's with his wily, varied underhand bowling. Here is the last over of "Keep Your Eye on the Clock," without which no anthology of cricket verse could be regarded as complete—

The first he played, and on the next he pushed
The third one he let go by;
The fourth ball turned, but his foot was there,
And I caught the glint in his eye.
The fifth one hung like a full-ripe peach,
The skipper stood firm as a rock,
Then lifted his bat—and away she went
And shivered the face of the clock!

Will none of our young Georgians, remembering what the late Rupert Brooke thought of cricket (he was in the Rugby XI. . . . in his schooldays he always had a book in one pocket and a cricket-ball in the other), take an innings at glorifying our glorious old game?

The glow-worm is one of the romantic insects (as the "Praying Mantis" was until he, or rather she, was found out!) and a heaven-sent boon to any poet writing a night piece, after the fashion of Herrick's invitation to the silvery feet of Sylvia. Who has not seen it glimmering in the green glooms of a deep meadow like a spark fallen from the gleaming moon? But many have failed to find it, for two very good reasons—firstly, because they look for a worm or grub instead of a brisk little trot-about of a beetle with six stump legs; and secondly, because the insect can switch off its light when disturbed. These and many other strange facts in the life-history of *Lampyrus noctiluca* are set forth in "THE GLOW-WORM AND OTHER BEETLES" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d. net), written by J. Henri Fabre, and translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, F.Z.S. When the famous French naturalist brings his lamp more minutely to bear on the little beetle, a dreadful process of disillusionment begins. First of all, the old savant applies the famous adage of Brillat-Saverin: "Show me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." Whereupon he proves that the so-called glow-worm preys on small snails, tweaking at the exposed edge of their mantles and thereby chloroforming them, as it were, until they become so much living food without the slightest power of motion. It then somehow transforms its wretched victims into a thin gruel and literally drinks them out of their shells. It is a horrid, stealthy, scientific form of murder which is far too common in the insect world, by far the most gruesome quarter of animal creation. One problem of the glow-beetle's life remains unsolved. "From start to finish," M. Fabre concludes, "the glow-worm's life is one great orgy of light. The eggs are luminous; the grubs likewise. The full-grown females are magnificent lighthouses; the adult males retain the glimmer which the grubs already possessed. We can understand the use of the feminine beacon; but of what use is all the



PROBABLY A STUDY FOR THE WELL-KNOWN MEZZO TINT: A DRAWING, BY SIR PETER LELY, OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH, MISTRESS OF CHARLES II. This drawing, in pencil and wash, is one of the lots to be sold at Sotheby's on June 30, the third day of the sale of Mr. Francis Wellesley's collection. (See "Art in the Sale Rooms" page.)

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

burden of attack and defence which makes the patterned ecstasy of all such mimic warfare. All that came of this advice was a ballade of the old-fashioned umpires who wore cabbage-roses in their white robes of office (I have seen a century-old smock-frock used or that high purpose! and dismissed batsmen by



AN IMPORTANT PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT: A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

This interesting and unfamiliar portrait of Scott will be offered for sale at Sotheby's, among other lots, on the last day of the Wellesley sale—July 2. (See "Art in the Sale Rooms" page.)

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

rest of the pyrotechnic display? To my regret I cannot tell." Myriads of such puzzles are left for M. Fabre's disciples. Many other weird facts about beetles of various kinds are disclosed from long and patient observation, and Chapter XLV. discusses the queer business of shamming death that is so very common among insects.

"DUCK HIM AND SPLASH HIM": THE PRINCE CROSSES THE LINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST BROOKS; SUPPLIED BY C.N.



FATHER NEPTUNE BOARDS THE "RENOWN": THE "OLD ONE," ATTENDED BY TWO GUARDS AND TWO BEARS.



WEARING HIS "ORDER OF THE AGED COD": CAPTAIN DUDLEY NORTH, WHO WAS CHIEF BEAR AT THE PRINCE'S DUCKING.



WITH INITIATES BEING SHAVED AND PITCHED BACKWARD INTO THE BATH: "CEREMONIES" WHICH THE PRINCE WAS FIRST TO UNDERGO.



RECEIVING THE "ORDER OF THE OLD SEA DOG": ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY BEING INVESTED BY FATHER NEPTUNE ABOARD THE "RENOWN."



"SHAVE HIM AND BASH HIM": THE PRINCE BEING LATHERED PINK, WHITE AND BLACK BEFORE BEING TIPPED INTO THE WATER.

The Prince of Wales underwent the time-honoured initiation ceremonies on April 17, when the "Renown" crossed the Line. Father Neptune came aboard on the previous night, attended by two guards, two bears, and a secretary. The next morning he held a full court and an Investiture. He bestowed on the Prince the Order of the Equatorial Bath, while Admiral Halsey got the Order of the Old Sea Dog, and Captain Dudley North became a Knight of the Aged Cod. The proceedings, which were on an unwonted scale,

were in rhyme, and the Prince recited a verse of his own composition. He was the first to submit to the processes thus described by the Bears: "Shave him and bash him; Duck him and splash him; Torture and smash him; And don't let him go." He was given a nasty pill, lathered pink, white and black, shaved, and then tipped backwards into the bath, to be ducked three times three. A number of other novices followed and received similar attentions. The book of words used on the occasion is to be published!

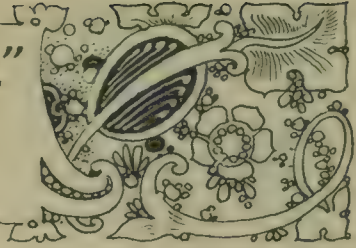


"THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED."

A Play in Three Acts. By H. M. Harwood.

ACT III.

[All rights reserved.]



Act I. appeared in our Issue of June 5, and Act II. in our Issue of last week, June 12.

The garden at Warren Court. Steps on right, leading through verandah to the house. At the back a box-hedge with opening. It is about 9 o'clock, and still light enough to see the view over the top of the hedge, but the garden is lighted by a few scattered electric lamps hanging partly concealed in the trees and in the verandah. EMILY CORBETT and MRS. STROOD are sitting drinking coffee.

MRS. STROOD. Where is Marjorie, Emily?

EMILY. I don't know. I think she was dining with Eric.

MRS. STROOD. I should have thought she would have been at Bexton for the poll.

EMILY. She was there all day. She came back about six to dress.

MRS. STROOD. I'm unhappy about Marjorie. What is she going to do?

EMILY. I'm sure I don't know. I wish I did. Naturally we assumed, when he became so impossible, that she would break it off. George feels it very much. He thinks she ought to have used her influence.

MRS. STROOD. And she wouldn't.

EMILY. She thinks he has been badly treated by George. I never heard such nonsense.

MRS. STROOD. Then she means to marry him?

EMILY. I don't know. She thinks he has been let down in some way, and that it's up to her to make it up to him. Ridiculous! It's he that's let us down. I could never have believed that the man could have behaved like this. It's not like Marjorie to be Quixotic.

MRS. STROOD. You think she means to go on with it?

EMILY. Unless he offers to release her, she may. If he had any sense of decency, he would.

MRS. STROOD. You know she is in love with Eric.

EMILY. Oh; in love? What does it mean, being in love? You don't want her to marry Eric, surely?

MRS. STROOD. I want her to be happy. We've not been very happy people, you and I, Emily. I'd like to think it was going to be different with her.

EMILY. Whatever she does, she will do of her own accord. You can't arrange things for Marjorie.

[MARKHAM and CORBETT come out from the house, talking.]

GEORGE. I wish we knew.

MARKHAM. [Calmly.] Why?

GEORGE. Well!

MARKHAM. The malady of the century, George.

GEORGE. What's that?

MARKHAM. Wanting to know everything before it happens.

EMILY. Yes; someone was saying that there are more fortune-tellers in London than ever before.

MARKHAM. And more newspapers.

GEORGE. [Reading the evening paper.] I can't make these people out; they've been dead against him all through, now they're hedging. It's not possible for him to get in.

MARKHAM. Anything is possible, George.

GEORGE. Devilish awkward if he does.

MRS. STROOD. Why you couldn't say frankly that you were opposed to the whole thing, I don't know.

MARKHAM. We were not opposed to it. If it's wanted we will accept it.

GEORGE. Not on Weston's lines?

MARKHAM. Yes; if it's really wanted

MRS. STROOD. Harry!

MARKHAM. You think that a terrible confession? Why? Why should you expect me to oppose public opinion? Do I ever stand in the way of the rising tide?

MRS. STROOD. Yes; often.

MARKHAM. [Smiling.] Only when I know it isn't rising any higher. What a reputation Canute would have made if he had only waited till high tide!

MRS. STROOD. Why do you try to make yourself out a time-server?

MARKHAM. I suppose because I am one. One may serve worse masters than Time. Time is the great dividing line between politicians. Those who choose their time well are called Statesmen; those who choose it badly are called traitors. If Jack Cade were alive now, what a patriot he would be! Where's Marjorie, Emily?

EMILY. She's dining in town with Eric.

MARKHAM. Not at Bexton? I'm afraid we're not popular with Marjorie. [Sighs.]

EMILY. I'm so sorry, Harry; but you know what she is.

MARKHAM. But why? She's quite right, she must back him up, of course she must. And the gospel of universal frankness is always attractive to the young.

GEORGE. [Grumbling.] Universal tomfoolery!

MARKHAM. Oh, don't be too despondent, George; even the truth can be made convincing.

[MARJORIE comes out from house — evening dress and cloak. She carries some letters.]

EMILY. Back? You didn't go to the theatre, then?

MARJORIE. No; is there any telephone message?

EMILY. About the poll? No, it's too early.

Where did you dine, dear?

MARJORIE. [Reading letters.] The Carlton.

EMILY. Anyone there?

MARJORIE. No. Oh, yes—one or two people. I didn't notice.

EMILY. Did Eric drive you back?

MARJORIE. [Shortly.] No.

[EMILY raises her brows at MRS. STROOD, and gathering herself together, goes into the house.]



MRS. STROOD: My dear, I once married someone because it was the easiest thing to do. Don't you do that.

Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt.

MARJORIE goes on reading letters; MRS. STROOD looks at her impatiently. MARKHAM rises, and, passing behind MARJORIE, just touches her shoulder.]

MARKHAM. Not forgiven us, Marjorie? [She does not reply.]

GEORGE. [Looking at her irritably.] It's Weston's fault. If he'd been reasonable—

MARJORIE. Reasonable! [Laughs.] Don't let's talk about it.

GEORGE. There's no justification for your taking up this attitude. We have to do our best for the Government; we have other people to consider; we can't go about like a bull in a china shop. We're not opposing Weston. We're simply letting him fight the thing on his own lines. He wants to rush us; some people have no idea of compromise. [She does not answer, and after looking at her discontentedly, he goes out.]

MARKHAM. You think us a poor lot, eh?

MARJORIE. Oh, I suppose you can't help it; but I wonder you're not afraid sometimes.

MARKHAM. Afraid?

MARJORIE. It must be terrible to have power—without courage. To think the world is in the power of men like you; that's what frightens me.

[MRS. STROOD is about to interrupt, but MARKHAM stops her.]

MARKHAM. You think we have so much power?

MARJORIE. Haven't you?

MARKHAM. The world is greater than that, my dear. I used to think that. I once believed that the affairs of the world were all settled by a few men sitting round a table, talking. Now I know better. Modern history isn't made by Ministers; it's made by mechanics, or chemists, or inventors. All we do is to register what they have made inevitable. When I was a boy the London 'bus-driver seemed to me the embodiment of power—the god in the car, incarnate. My ambition was to become a 'bus-driver. I pictured myself driving in all the glory of green and gold about the streets of London, picking up and setting down where I liked, stopping when I liked, going my own route at my own pace. And then I learnt the terrible truth, that this idol—this omnipotent god—was only a servant, that his goings and comings were ordered, his destination fixed, his very stopping places settled for him by a higher power; that, in short, he had less control over his movements than his own passengers, that his sole duty consisted in finding his way through the traffic safely. That's all we have to do, my dear—find our way through the traffic and avoid accidents; and the best of us is the one who has fewest accidents. [He pats her on the head and makes his way into the house.]

MRS. STROOD. Marjorie. [MARJORIE looks up.] You're going to think me a meddling old woman. Yes, you are. But I can't help it. I want to say something to you. [Pause.] Marjorie, are you happy?

MARJORIE. Not particularly—why?

MRS. STROOD. I'm so afraid you're going to make a mistake, and I don't want you to do that. I made a mistake myself once, and I couldn't bear to think you were going to make the same one. You're all I've got now, and I'm very fond of you.

MARJORIE. I know, Janie, dear. You're an old darling.

MRS. STROOD. Let me help you.

MARJORIE. You can't. Nobody can.

MRS. STROOD. Why not? My dear, I once married someone because it was the easiest thing to do. Don't you do that. Tell him before it's too late. It's for his happiness as well as yours. I know you think he has been badly treated by your father and the rest of them, and it's like you to want to stick by him. But it's wrong. He wouldn't wish it, if he knew.

MARJORIE. Knew? What?

MRS. STROOD. That there was someone else.

MARJORIE. [Quietly.] You mean—Eric?

MRS. STROOD. Yes.

MARJORIE. Eric is going abroad on Monday. He's taken that post. I've just said good-bye to him.

MRS. STROOD. Oh, Marjorie, my dear! I'm sorry.

MARJORIE. Why? You never liked Eric.

MRS. STROOD. I didn't think him very desirable; but perhaps I misjudged him. If you want him, Marjorie, I'm sure something could be arranged.

MARJORIE. Janie, darling, you don't understand. It isn't what you think. It's sweet of you to bother, all the same. [Gets up.] I think I'll ring up the Club—they may have got it through.

MRS. STROOD. Then you won't break it off?

MARJORIE. My engagement? [Beneath her breath.] No—I can't. I can't.

MRS. STROOD. Suppose he offered to release you?

MARJORIE. [Quickly.] Why should he?

MRS. STROOD. Well; circumstances have changed a little.

MARJORIE. [Relieved.] Oh—that!

MRS. STROOD. What would you say?

MARJORIE. Well; naturally I shouldn't try to keep him if he didn't want me. [Comes across to MRS. STROOD.] Don't think me a beast, Janie. I'm not ungrateful—really.

[Kisses her and goes into house. After a pause WESTON comes in through garden.]

WESTON. Good evening!

MRS. STROOD. Oh, you! Is the result out?

WESTON. No. I didn't wait. They'll telephone. Is Marjorie here?

MRS. STROOD. Yes; she's just gone in.

WESTON. Thanks [Going].

MRS. STROOD. [Stopping him.] Mr. Weston!

WESTON. Yes?

MRS. STROOD. Are you in a great hurry?

WESTON. No—o. Why?

MRS. STROOD. I want to ask you something.

WESTON. Yes?

MRS. STROOD. You think we're all against you here, that we dislike you?

WESTON. [Grimly.] Well—

MRS. STROOD. I don't dislike you. I dislike your politics, but I think you are an honest man and a kind one.

WESTON. [More grimly.] I'm not as easy as I was, Mrs. Strood. What is it you want?

MRS. STROOD. I want you to give up Marjorie.

WESTON. [Amazed.] What? Has she asked you to ask me that?

MRS. STROOD. No.

WESTON. Then—look here, Mrs. Strood. When this misunderstanding arose, I thought of this. It was the first thing I did think of. I didn't expect her to stick to me. After all, one's people are one's people. If she had liked to say it was "off," I couldn't have blamed her. But she didn't—she backed me up. She came down every day; she worked for me. She came to my meetings, the only one of the whole lot that did. They've all been jumping off like rats; my own agent turned it up three days before the poll. They've been working against me—not openly, but behind my back. I know all about it. I wouldn't have believed it possible before. The one thing that has saved me has been Marjorie; she stuck to me, bless her! When I asked her to marry me, I loved her, in a way—but now—! I didn't think she had it in her. And now, after we've been through this together, you ask me to give her up. Why? In Heaven's name, why?

MRS. STROOD. But surely you understand why she has done all this. It doesn't mean that she loves you.

WESTON. You seem very sure that she doesn't love me.

MRS. STROOD. I am.

WESTON. Why?

MRS. STROOD. Because—I know. Mr. Weston, Marjorie isn't a child. How old do you think she is?

WESTON. I don't know; I never thought about it.

MRS. STROOD. She's been about—in London—among people you know nothing of, for five or six years. Do you think she's gone through all that time—untouched?

WESTON. No; I don't suppose she has. Why should I? I daresay she's had her romances, like everyone else. I haven't asked her. I wouldn't. What does it matter? It's all over now.

MRS. STROOD. But if it wasn't "all over"?

WESTON. Go on.

MRS. STROOD. Suppose that she is still in love—with someone else?

WESTON. That's not true.

MRS. STROOD. It is.

WESTON. [After walking up and down.] Well; who is it? I've never heard of anyone. Why, she sees no one, except young Thorburn.

MRS. STROOD. [Looking at him.] Well?

WESTON. What? Thorburn? [Then suddenly laughing.] Well; now let me tell you something. Thorburn's off to South America; and it was Marjorie persuaded him to go.

MRS. STROOD. I know. And she's breaking her heart about it.

WESTON. It's a lie. I beg your pardon. But why should I believe you?

MRS. STROOD. I don't ask you to. Ask her yourself.

[MARJORIE comes out through the house and calls to WESTON. MRS. STROOD moves off into the house.]

MARJORIE. Jerry! Is it out?

WESTON. No; I didn't wait.

MARJORIE. But—why?

WESTON. I wanted to see you.

MARJORIE. Stupid! Never mind, it'll be nicer to hear it together.

WESTON. Whatever it is?

MARJORIE. Of course! I do hate this waiting.

WESTON. Are you very anxious?

MARJORIE. Of course I am. So are you. Don't try and be superior and phlegmatic; you can't deceive me.

WESTON. I don't want to. You're very smart to-night. Where have you been?

MARJORIE. Dining in town—with Eric. He's sailing on Monday.

WESTON. Monday. [Pause.] Marjorie, you're sure you want him to go?

MARJORIE. Of course! It'll be a splendid thing for him.

WESTON. But you'll miss him?

MARJORIE. Oh, yes; I suppose so—a little.

WESTON. Only a little? He needn't go, you know. We could find him something here—if you'd rather.

MARJORIE. No, no. I think it's far better for him to go. [Looking at him curiously.] Jerry, has someone been saying something about me? [He looks a futile denial.] Yes, they have. What was it? About me and Eric? [He nods.] Well; did you believe it?

WESTON. No, no! I don't believe it—I can't—but—

MARJORIE. But—you want me to deny it?

WESTON. Oh, my dear, forgive me. A few weeks ago it wouldn't have touched me—wouldn't have touched my belief; but I've lost confidence—in people—in myself. Things have been done to me these two weeks that I wouldn't have believed possible; done by men I trusted. If it hadn't been for you I should have lost my faith in human nature. It was you that saved me; and now they're trying to poison my happiness in you. Tell me they're wrong. I know you won't lie to me. And if it's true, I shall understand. I know I'm not of your world, I don't know your life. I'm an outsider, and I'm getting

liked each other, and I didn't know if I should ever see him again—you know how things were: it just happened.

WESTON. [Stunned.] You—you! [Suddenly.] Then how did it end? [No reply.] When you accepted me—was this going on then?

MARJORIE. Yes.

WESTON. Then why—why did you say "yes"? What possible reason— [She sits with her head on her hand, silent.] I see, you were going to marry me for my money. [A pause; then he laughs; and suddenly turns on her.] Well; why did you tell me this—why tell me now? I'm still rich. Ah; I see. You think I'm beaten. You think I'm going to be a failure?

MARJORIE. No—no!

WESTON. Then why? Why didn't you go on with it? I should never have known. I believed in you absolutely, blindly. I should have gone on believing.

MARJORIE. That's why I had to tell you. I didn't care for you when I accepted you. I was going to marry you for your money, and I didn't mean to tell you anything. I didn't even mean to stop seeing Eric. I meant to go on lying to you. And then, I couldn't. You're the only person who has ever believed in me, who hasn't expected me to behave rottenly. We're all rotten. No one's ever expected me to be anything else—and I've been what I was expected to be. I never thought anything about it before; but I couldn't let you go on—not knowing.

WESTON. [After a pause.] Well; we must find something for him here—enough to marry on, at any rate.

MARJORIE. What do you mean—Eric? I wouldn't marry Eric for the world. I told you—it's over.

WESTON. It can't be over. You're angry with him—disappointed, I dare say. He's behaved badly—still—

MARJORIE. Why should I be angry with him? He hasn't behaved any worse than I have. I did what I did because I wanted to. I'm still fond of him. I hope he'll have jolly good luck—but the rest's all over, for both of us.

WESTON. A woman doesn't do that unless she loves a man.

MARJORIE. Oh—love! How does anyone know?

WESTON. [Gravely.] I knew.

MARJORIE. Yes; I know—now.

[GEORGE CORBETT'S voice is heard as he comes out quickly from the house.]

GEORGE. Weston! Weston! Where are you? Great Scott! Didn't you hear the telephone?

WESTON. Telephone?

GEORGE. You're a nice, eager candidate!

MARJORIE. Is it out? [Snatching at paper in CORBETT'S hand.] Father!

GEORGE. [Holding it up.] 'Easy, easy!

MARJORIE. Please, father. [She gets the paper and reads it eagerly. WESTON looks at her unmoved.] Four thousand—in by four thousand! Why, that's double the last time?

GEORGE. More than double. Here. [Hands paper to WESTON.]

WESTON. [After reading.] You take this well, Corbett. You seem almost as pleased as if I'd been beaten.

GEORGE. Oh, come! Don't rub it in. We were wrong, I admit. You gave us a bit of a shock, but we didn't want you to be beaten. We knew you wouldn't be. That's why we could afford to keep in the background.

WESTON. You mean you're going to accept this verdict?

GEORGE. Accept it? I should say so. [Mrs. STROOD comes out.] I've just been through to Lord Henry; he's delighted. "Corban," my boy. Which, being translated, means, "It's a gift."

WESTON. And Garforth?

GEORGE. Garforth'll have to lump it. Don't bother about him. [He crosses to MRS. STROOD.]

MARJORIE. [Coming to WESTON.] I'm glad—I'm glad you've won.

WESTON. [Dully.] Yes; you always believed I was right.

MARJORIE. Right! I don't know whether you are right or not—and I don't care. I'm not glad because you're right. I'm glad because it's you. [She goes swiftly into the house. WESTON remains looking after her.]

MRS. STROOD. What does this mean, George?

GEORGE. Mean? It means that we shall win the next election, my dear.

MRS. STROOD. And after that?

GEORGE. [Slightly puzzled.] After that? Dear old Janie, what do you mean?

[They pass into the house, leaving WESTON alone.]

CURTAIN.



WESTON: I don't want to stand in your way. I want you to have everything you want—everything you want, you understand?

Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt.

old. If you did care for someone younger, someone in your own set, I couldn't wonder. I shouldn't blame you. Only I must know. I don't want to stand in your way. I want you to have everything you want—everything you want, you understand?

MARJORIE. [Looking at him.] Everything I want!

WESTON. Everything!

MARJORIE. And what is it you want me to say?

WESTON. I want to know if it's true that you love this boy—that if it were not for me you'd marry him.

MARJORIE. No; it's not true.

WESTON. [With a burst of relief.] You don't love him?

MARJORIE. No. [After a pause.]

WESTON. [Catching her hand.] My dear, forgive me.

MARJORIE. Wait.

WESTON. Why? That's all I want to know.

MARJORIE. It isn't all I've got to tell you. I meant to, anyway. What they told you isn't true now, but it was.

WESTON. You mean you were fond of each other?

MARJORIE. [Quietly.] We were lovers. Eric has been my lover for two years.

WESTON. Lover? You mean you were engaged?

MARJORIE. No, I don't. I mean what I say.

WESTON. You don't know what you're saying.

MARJORIE. Oh, yes, I do. If you like—I was his mistress. That sounds crude—horrible—said like that, but it didn't seem so. We really didn't think so very much about it. We'd always been friends, and when he came back on leave the first time we found we

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

OLD Masters are again competing with modern art in the sale-rooms. The great army of the dead press forward as a mighty phalanx hall-marked with reputations

centuries old, and sturdily maintain their supremacy over many a modern canvas.

The test of the auction-room is the test of posterity. Perhaps it is another phase of the dictum that no man is a prophet in his own country—certainly not in his own generation in art.

The Old Masters of the Duke of Leeds, the late Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, and other properties came up at Christie's on June 11. Such a heterogeneous collection induced forethought as to post-war prices.

Canaletto troubles the two. There are two Canalettos—one, Antonio Canal, who visited London in 1746, and whose canal scenes of Venice, his native city, are hung on the walls of celebrated collections, from the Uffizi at Florence to the Hermitage at Petrograd (are they there now?), from the Pinakothek at Dresden to the Louvre at Paris. There are nine in the National Gallery (London). At Windsor, at Hampton Court, at the Soane Museum, at Dudley House, and at Devonshire House there are Canalettos. Here from the Duke of Leeds' collection are six pairs more. One pair sold for 3700 gns. Then there is the other Canaletto—Bernardo Bellotto, the nephew of the former, whose name he adopted. He wandered over Europe, and died in Warsaw in 1780. His views of Venice are based on the technique of his uncle. He, too, is found in the National Gallery, London, and in the galleries at Dresden, Munich, and Berlin.

Canaletto (uncle and nephew) brought Venice into the limelight in England. Superbly topographical with fine atmosphere, they depicted the Venice of realistic contour—Venice without its poetry. It was left to Turner to come as a poet to transmute Venice into amber and gold and crimson and green. We see the Adriatic lagoons steeped in languor, and the palaces of the Doges engirt with mystery. His was the modern idealistic touch of imaginative genius. Had Turner crystallised into a dullard in his youthful, topographical days, he would have been a Canaletto.

From the Gaskell Collection there is the drawing of "Pembroke Castle," which brought 1450 gns.; and the paintings in oil, "Loch Fyne" (1100 gns.) and "Old Margate Pier" of Turner (2000 gns.)—all with a long ancestry of collections. There is Bonington, with his "Grand Canal, Venice" (which sold for 1200 gns.) and a David Cox, "Caer Cennen Castle" (1800 gns.). Pettie's "Eugene Aram and the Scholar" is false art, although good painting, because it idealises the criminal. It is to be deplored that a Royal Academician descended to the "Newgate Calendar."

Raeburn comes to the front with an array of canvases mirroring the staid society at Edinburgh of professors and doctors. It is a pity that Raeburn did not come to London, although Scotsmen may think otherwise. His subjects have not that cosmopolitan grace which one expects from a portrait-painter of his genius. His ambit was undoubtedly cramped. We pause at his "Henry Mackenzie" (a fine portrait, but spotted and showing signs of wear), the author of the

"Man of Feeling," whom Scott called, without reason, the "northern Addison." We see a sitter with watery blue eyes, red-lidded, and lacking that fine generosity one expects. The portraits of literary men fall short of one's expectation. Addison himself is cold and distant in his portrait.

The portrait of Sir Walter Scott by Colvin Smith is an interesting item. The sitter is beginning to show signs of trouble in the lined face; the blue eyes are still keen and alert, the cheeks are still ruddy, but the lines are there, deep and furrowed. Colvin Smith has a "Scott" in the National Portrait Gallery, London, and this is one of the many replicas he made of his successful portrait.

Three Russell pastels are interesting, done in 1789.

of London. Although canvases were not made to smell at, as a well-known painter said, we cannot help remarking that Gainsborough's blues were here well to the fore.

His deep-blue coat of the sitter is there right enough; but, to get closer, one sees that the white cravat has slight touches of blue, and the powdered hair is sprinkled with blue. It brought 3900 gns. at sale.

The portrait of the Misses Horneck by Reynolds attracted attention by reason of the sitters, Catherine "Little Comedy," and Mary, "The Jessamy Bride"—so they were known in the late eighteenth century. They are cold for Reynolds, but they are sincere, almost austere portraits. There is nothing of the picturesque beauties about these two sitters. We are sure Reynolds was not fascinated by them. The painter reveals two narrow-foreheaded young women, rather repellent, and suggestive of feeble superciliousness.

The Wellesley Collection of plumbago, pen-and-ink, and other drawings and miniatures, to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby in a five days' sale commencing June 28, wins the heart of the collector. It is rich in Cosway data and examples; it is literary in its wide expanse of portraitists, and includes little-known exponents. It exhibits careful connoisseurship, and it has just that alluring quality which excites envy as to the possession of certain rare and beautiful examples. It seems a pity that so much love of fine things should have to be dissipated. A finely illustrated and carefully prepared catalogue suggests museum scholarship. Wherever one opens the catalogue there is a rich find. There is the portrait of Turner drawn by George Dance in pencil and water-colour, dated 1792, the earliest-known portrait of Turner, who had exhibited at the Royal Academy at fifteen, and at seventeen had five exhibits, and at nineteen eight. Of miniatures in lead-pencil, plumbagos (of which, by the way, this is the first sale), the portrait of Cardinal Mazarin by David Loggan holds a high place. But the portrait is singularly unlike the "Mazarin" engraved by Robert Nanteuil after Mignard. Loggan was born at Dantzic in 1630, and received tuition from Simon de Passe. He and William

Faithorne, who studied under Nanteuil, practised the portrait *ad vivum*—a faithful likeness of the sitter. Engraving from the life, and plumbago or pencil drawing, were the precursors of miniatures and of Sir Joshua's canvases. A Romney in crayons of John Henderson the actor, only eight by six inches, on paper, has a strength and virility which is remarkable.

A "Charles II." to the life, by George White, on vellum, is only five by four inches, but it is a great masterpiece in plumbago—that is, graphite, now called lead-pencil.

From Hans Holbein, with his portrait (three by four inches) of James V. of Scotland, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his "William Pitt" (six by five inches), a pencil drawing on paper, a complete panorama of English portraitists is set forth. Second thoughts are not always best in art, and here are the white-hot drawings of great, and very great, masters of portraiture from the very life. It is a scholarly collection, making an appeal to the cultured collector, who avoids the flashy and the showy.



OLD SNUFF-BOXES AND TABLET-CASES: OBJECTS OF 'VERTU' IN THE ASHER WERTHEIMER SALE.

It was arranged that the remaining stock of French furniture, porcelain, and objects of art of the late Mr. Asher Wertheimer, of 158, New Bond Street, should be sold at Christie's on June 16 and 17. The two upper articles above are Louis XVI. tablet-cases from the Baron Schroeder Collection; the three below are gold snuff-boxes, the left and centre from the Hawkins Collection. The central one (Louis XVI. period) has classical miniatures painted in grisaille by J. J. Dégault. That on the right shows Time and a nymph on an enamel plaque. {Specially Photographed for "The Illustrated London News."}



OF THE LOUIS XV. AND LOUIS XVI. PERIODS: SNUFF-BOXES AND TABLET-CASES IN THE ASHER WERTHEIMER SALE.

The two upper objects are Louis XVI. tablet-cases; the right (in gold, with panels of coast-scenes, and bearing the mark of Henri Clavel) from the collection of Baron Schroeder; the left (with nymphs sacrificing, painted in grisaille by Dégault) from the Hawkins Collection. Below are three snuff-boxes from the Hawkins Collection; the left, in gold, of Louis XVI., and the centre one, oval, in brown agate, of the Louis XV. period. Particulars of the sale are given under the other illustration.

Specially Photographed for "The Illustrated London News."

1798, and 1799—portraits of Countess d'Este, and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Morgan.

A wonderful Rembrandt of a "Lady as a Shepherdess" draws all the threads of art together. Here is a poetry and delicacy almost French in character. It is a nebulous figure with closed eyes and golden hair, with richly jewelled dress, holding a crook: symbolical of all shepherdesses of dreamland, wiser than the crooked simpering graces of Watteau—a wonderful and inscrutable portrait, representing Rembrandt as the idealist rather than the realist. If Aubrey Beardsley had taken to brushwork and had possessed the love of tone mysteries in lieu of line, this is what he would have painted. The picture is a tone-poem of wonderful charm. It is amazingly modern in its appeal. It is Rembrandt on a hitherto unknown plane.

Reynolds and Gainsborough jostle each other in this sale. Gainsborough's "John Taylor, Esq." is fine. He was son of the founder of Taylor and Lloyd's Bank at Birmingham, now the well-known Lloyd's Bank

INCLUDING A "SPHINX" BUST AND GLOBULAR CLOCK: OBJETS D'ART.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



DRESDEN PORCELAIN: A PAIR OF EWERS BEARING THE MARK OF CAFFIERI, MOUNTED WITH LOUIS XV. LIPS, HANDLES, AND PLINTHS.



SÈVRES PORCELAIN: AN OBLONG JARDINIÈRE (CENTRE) PAINTED IN GRISAILLE, AND A PAIR OF VASES AND COVERS ON ORMOLU PLINTHS.



AS A PORTRAIT OF Mlle. DU THÉ, BY FALCONET: A LOUIS XVI. TERRA-COTTA SPHINX.



WITH HORIZONTAL REVOLVING DIALS: A GLOBE-SHAPED LOUIS XVI. CLOCK.



A BRONZE BY PIGALLE: A BOY WITH A BIRD-CAGE, ON ORMOLU PLINTH.



WITH NEPTUNE IN GILT-BRONZE, AND MERMAIDS: AN EMPIRE INK-STAND, OF BRONZE AND ORMOLU.



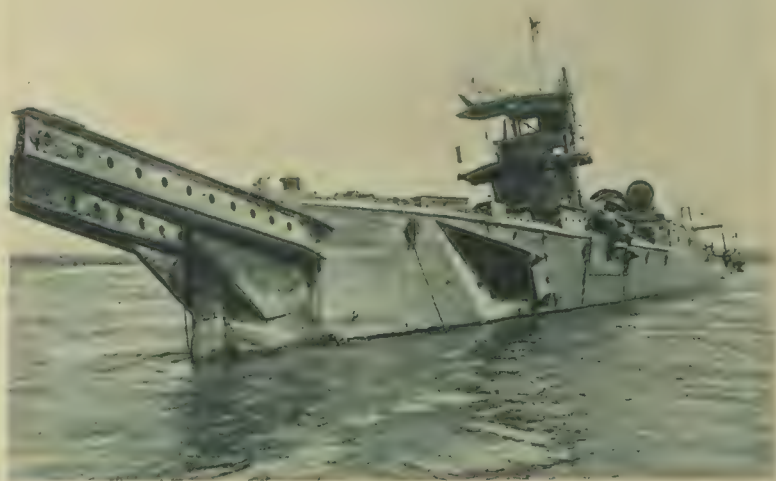
UPHOLSTERED IN GOBELINS TAPESTRY WOVEN WITH ANIMALS AND BIRDS; TWO OF EIGHT GILT-WOOD FAUTEUILS.

Keen interest was aroused among art collectors by the dispersal of the remaining stock of French furniture, porcelain, and objects of art, accumulated by the late Mr. Asher Wertheimer, the famous art dealer and connoisseur, of 158, New Bond Street. It was arranged that the sale should take place at Christie's on Wednesday, June 16. We illustrate here and on the opposite page some specially attractive pieces that came under the hammer. The Dresden porcelain ewers came from the collection of Lady Margaret Charteris, the two Sèvres vases from that of the Earl of Lauderdale; while the Sèvres

jardinière was at different times in the possession of the late Mr. William Leveson-Gower and Miss Frances Katherine Hope. The Louis XVI. terra-cotta Sphinx is one of a pair in the sale; they originally formed the top of the balustrade of the grand staircase of a château at l'Île Adam belonging to the Condé family. The curious globe-shaped Louis XVI. clock was in the collections of the late Mr. A. H. Seymour and Lady Falle; the Pigalle bronze of a boy with a bird-cage in that of Mr. E. Beckett, M.P. The Empire ink-stand, with Neptune and mermaids, came from the Murray Scott Collection.

CAMERA NEWS: "MAY WEEK"; THE PRINCE IN FIJI; WAR MEMORIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.: SCOTT AND WILKINSON; I.P.; J. H. LEONARD, B.Sc. (THE SELOUS MEMORIAL); TOPICAL; AND KADEL AND HERBERT (SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL PRESS).



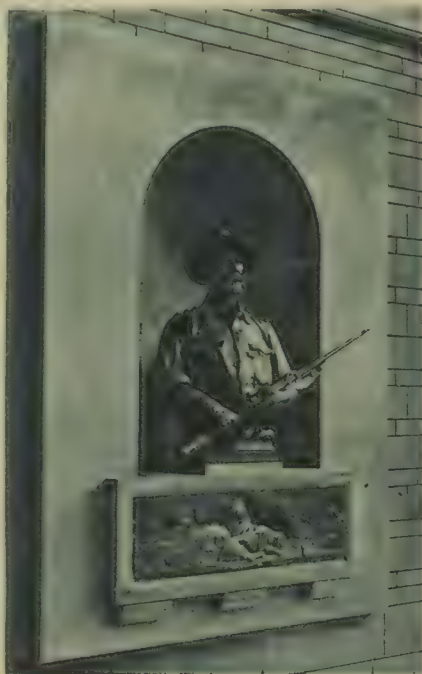
WITH STEEL GIRDERS ON HER BOWS BY WHICH THE GERMANS TRIED TO RAISE HER: THE BLOCK-SHIP "INTREPID."



WITH A "PROCTOR" AS COX AND A CREW OF "BULLDOGS": A COMIC "RIVER POLICE" EIGHT AT CAMBRIDGE IN "MAY WEEK."



A FRENCH TRIBUTE TO NURSE CAVELL: A MEMORIAL IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS.



"HUNTER, EXPLORER, AND NATURALIST": THE SELOUS MEMORIAL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN FIJI: INSPECTING A NATIVE GUARD OF HONOUR AT SUVA.



LOWERING WREATHS INTO THE SEA: THE U.S. TRANSPORT "PRESIDENT LINCOLN," TORPEDOED IN THE WAR, COMMEMORATED.



THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO: GENERAL OBREGON (IN WHITE, WITH ONE ARM) AND HIS STAFF ENTERING MEXICO CITY.

It was reported recently that the block-ships sunk at Zeebrugge during the war—H.M.S. "Vindictive," "Intrepid," "Iphigenia," and "Thetis"—have been presented to the Belgian Government.—An amusing feature of the "May" Races at Cambridge was a comic "river police" boat manned by undergraduates attired as a Proctor (the cox) and eight Bulldogs.—A memorial to Nurse Cavell was unveiled on June 12 in the gardens of the Tuileries, in Paris. A wreath was placed on it by French nurses.—A memorial to the late Capt. Frederick C. Selous, D.S.O., was unveiled in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, on June 10, by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. The inscription

(after the name) reads: "Hunter, Explorer and Naturalist. Born 1853. Killed in action at Beho-Beho, German East Africa, 4.1.1917."—The Prince of Wales landed at Suva, from the "Renown," on April 21, and began a busy day by reviewing a Fijian Guard of Honour. Later he was initiated as a Fijian chief at a native ceremony.—The loss of the American transport "President Lincoln," torpedoed off the French coast in the war, was commemorated recently by a ceremony at sea off Sandy Hook. A wreath for each man lost was cast overboard from the U.S.S. "Bagatoose."—General Obregon was a leader of the Mexican revolution which overthrew the Carranza Government.

A French Drawing Room at HARRODS



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Illustration on Left.

This Bureau is typical of many pieces on view in Harrods Galleries. Its shapeliness of line and unusual appearance make it very distinctive. The inlays are of limewood, stained green, and the general design suggests the luxury of the Louis Quinze period.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE event of last week which caused the greatest fluttering in the dovecotes was the Court. There is nothing more conservative than a woman, and the change from three-yard trains, plumes, and veils to evening dresses might have been the change from good to evil, so exercised about it were the ladies going to Court. After all, they are now quite pleased. The dresses were lovely: there was not an old one among them, despite many jokes about the absurd paragraph stating that the Queen had said that the older the dress worn, the more warmly she would welcome the wearer. We all know that her Majesty is celebrated for her sense of the fitness of things, and that no such ridiculous sentiment had ever been voiced by her. Here it may be said that the Queen was the belle of her own Court! Perhaps that was not very fair of her; but then, it is not her fault—handsome she is, and handsomer she becomes. Then her dress was lovely. Of Princess style, it was closely embroidered net, the very lovely design carried out in the brightest iridescent beads. This reflected the light in many colours, and the Queen looked as if she were wearing a robe of brilliants. The blue ribbon of the Garter crossed the bodice, and superb jewels—diamonds and pearls and emeralds—were worn. Princess Mary looked a little silver Princess in her pale-hued gown embroidered with silver. For the other dresses, they followed the ideas given by the drawings at the Lord Chamberlain's Office: they were graceful and dignified, and fine jewels were worn and lovely flowers were carried.

Mrs. Lloyd George presented her younger daughter at the first Court, and Miss Megan Lloyd George looked very young and very fresh and pretty in her charming presentation dress of white net embroidered in silver over shell-pink chiffon. There was a wide, soft belt of cloth of silver, and in her pretty soft brown hair was a narrow bandeau of diamonds caught with loops of silver ribbon. The Premier's wife's usual quiet taste in dress was exemplified in a gown of pale-grey soft satin embroidered in gold in a design of stripes over an under-dress of grey chiffon and net wrought with large motifs in gold.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven and the Marchioness of Cambridge went through the form of presentation on entering that rank in the British Peerage. Lady Milford Haven wore oxydised lace and grey satin; and Lady Cambridge, in white and gold brocade, had the bodice entirely of gold lace. The Marchioness of Londonderry, in white wrought beautifully with silver, and wearing superb



A HARMONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A "chic" black-and-white costume which suggests the Louis XV. period in some respects, and the Directoire in others—a mixture of styles which is only permissible and effective in dress.

diamonds, presented Lady Maureen Stewart, who looked very like a younger sister, in a particularly pretty white and silver dress.

If one is anywhere on the road to a favourite seaside resort within seventy miles of London on Saturdays or Sundays, one sees a procession of motor char-a-bancs filled with people having a day's outing. It is so much better for them than making the journey crowded up in stuffy railway carriages. The new road routes make the runs to and from the sea the best part of the outing. Fortified with Peak Frean's biscuits—either Pat-a-Cake, Shortcake, Punch and Judy, or Custard Cream—the run is delightful, and is so far in favour of temperance that no one emerges from so refreshing an experience thirsty, while the good biscuits prevent any feeling of exhaustion.

The uses of perfume are delightful; the abuses of it are deplorable. One is always sure to be in the first category if one uses the right kind of scent and uses it rightly. What is wanted is suggestion, not smothering with sweetness. Our own great perfumers, J. Grossmith and Son, are master distillers of what is subtle, suggestive, reminiscent, and delicious. Wana-Ranee is an example; it appeals to the cultured with its haunting, delicious refreshment. It is, of course, imperative in the use of fine scent that it should never be contradicted or counteracted by any other odour. Everything used in the toilette or about the person must also be Wana-Ranee, and then the most fastidious will be pleased, for it is a scent lasting, refreshing, haunting, and delicious.

All one's acquaintances want one to make a trip through the battlefields and devastated areas of Belgium and France. They give rather extraordinary reasons for recommending it as a holiday trip, such as "I cried myself to sleep after it—I never realised the horrors of it before. I could not sleep for nights without having nightmare." Well, one wants to realise what our men did, but it cannot help to have holidays filled with horror. I incline much more to a summer trip in Switzerland, where one can look at the hills and realise a little from whence came and cometh our help. All sorts of delightful tours can be arranged, and information about them is easily obtainable at the Swiss Federal Railways, Carlton House, 11B, Regent Street, S.W.1.

The King and Queen visited the Royal Horse Show at Richmond on Saturday, and her Majesty had a hearty welcome in her native place—or rather, in the neighbourhood in which so much of her girlhood was passed.—A. E. L.

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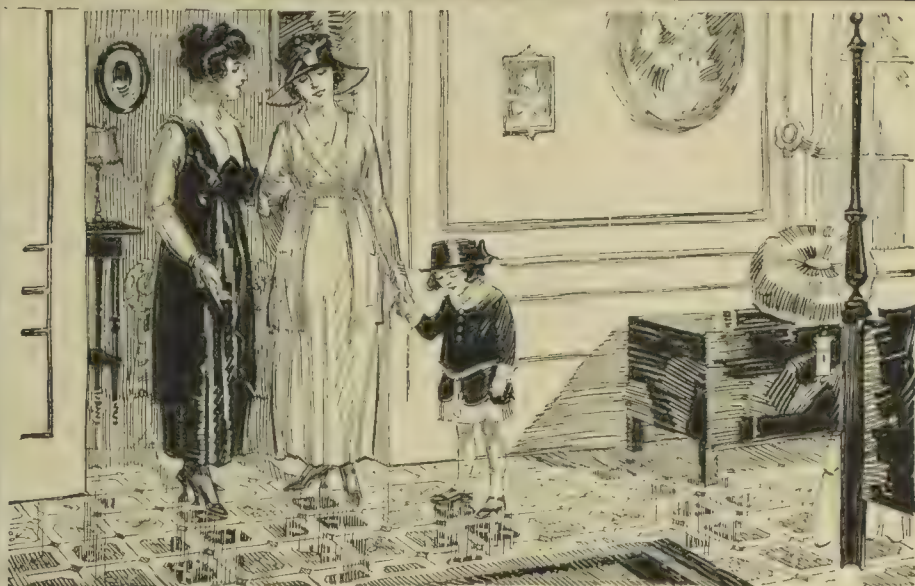
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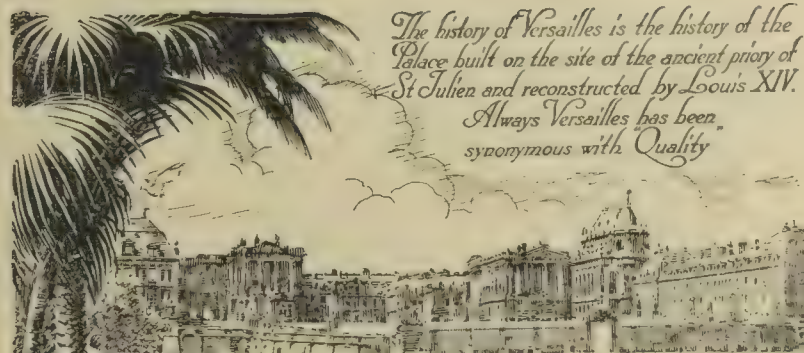
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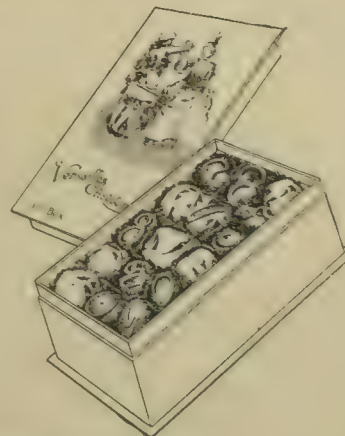
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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BY J. T. GREIN.

DON'T destroy my illusions!" is a golden saying which I would frame in everybody's mental chamber, for illusions are half the charm of life. I thought of this when I saw the "Madame Sand" play at the Duke of York's Theatre. It is not an unskilful play in its way, nor should it be approached with a high brow; it is simply bold journalism in the best American sense. To me it seemed that the author had laid hold of Mr. Francis Gribble's book, "George Sand and Her Lovers," or a kindred volume, had run through it, picked here and there a phrase, a character sketch, a silhouette, and pinned them together with sewing-machine stage-craft. And all the time I had the feeling that Mr. Moeller knew very little of the souls of his characters, and a great deal of their clothes and their mannerisms, as handed on by newspaper gossip of the time, or by memories—which mostly turn molehills of events and sayings into mountains of vital importance.

But let all that pass: it is a great task to transplant to the stage those who are almost contemporaries; it is not everybody's gift to create a Pasture play; and perhaps somebody would say: "Then why attempt it?"—which is not fair. With all its faults, this Sand play is far more interesting than a dozen others now running in London. It stimulates imagination. You have but to scan the characters: Musset, Chopin, Liszt, and (which means a great deal to some of us) Buloz! Buloz, who to a certain extent was the maker of genius in the Second Empire, who had a literary *flair* and a commercial sense unrivalled, who by one article accepted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* could make a man famous! I wonder how many among the first-nighters saw anything more in Buloz's character than an ordinary newspaper "boss"!

But where Mr. Moeller fails is in despoiling us of our illusions. George Sand was not a regular courtesan, in breeches and smoking big cigars, with the instinct of an interviewer who says at every good thing he hears: "Capital copy!" and marks it down. She was an *amoureuse* of high culture, a charmer of men more by the word even than by her graces, a thinker, a plodder, a worker; one who worshipped form and style, and would polish her work in wakeful nights until it glittered like flawless brilliants. In the play she is merely farcical—

Quartier Latin reminiscent of Murger's Mimi. As for De Musset, though he was enacted as beautifully by Mr. Basil Rathbone as George Sand by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was he merely wormwood and wishy-washiness? Was there nothing of the poet in him in his intervals of control? The main vision of the play is the

go to the bookshelf and pick a volume of the "Nuits"! Again, to think of Heinrich Heine (another cameo of acting), distinguished of tongue, yet with a *penchant* towards gluttony, and the table manners entirely foreign to one so refined in taste, so critical of others, so wholly Parisianised that he transformed his own language to unapproachable grace! To think of Liszt, the dreamer, the charmer, the ethereal, the exquisite courtier, re-moulded by the dramatist into a comic busybody, and thus played by Hector Abbas with real humour! There is but one whom we meet without feeling the pain of destroyed illusions. That was the Chopin, a picture in Mr. Samson's delicate emotion. Here, at length, we felt what might have been if Mr. Moeller had applied imagination instead of craft. He, in his almost angelic eeriness, came into this crowd of depoeitised figures as something supernatural. He, in his short scene with George Sand, when she beguiled him as she beguiled Musset and the doctor, with the manner of a grisette, stood aloof and alone. We seemed to hear his music, we seemed to recognise him; for he, in image and parlance, vitalised the figure as it hovers in our thought. Yet we came away in a strange spirit of disappointment, in spite of having been entertained. The play had rent our illusions.

Three impressions remain predominant after a vision of the new Alhambra revue. It is emphatically a one-man show; there are two unforgettable scenes, and there is the dancing of—Miss Phyllis Bedells.

Mr. George Robey carries this huge structure like an Atlas. When he is on the stage, there is gaiety—not overwhelming as yet, but Robey has but to wink an eye or lift an eyebrow, and the public is pleased. He is loyally helped by Miss St. Helier, a charming, very painstaking artist who has fine notes in her voice, who works with a will, but who has not that magnetism of, say, an Ethel Levey or a Violet Loraine. Somehow, between her and Mr. Robey, there is collaboration but not assimilation. It would appear as though Miss St. Helier is somewhat abashed when she plays with Mr. Robey—he who is always playing with the unexpected, who invents humour when the librettist leaves him in the lurch.

Of the two scenes, the Palace of Haroun al Raschid is like a leaf from the Arabian Nights. In the subdued light there is dreaminess in the costumes; there

(Continued overleaf.)



"A LASTING MEMORIAL OF COMMON EFFORT AND COMMON SACRIFICE": THE KING DECLARING OPEN THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM AND VICTORY EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The King opened the Imperial War Museum and Victory Exhibition at the Crystal Palace on June 9. "To us it stands," he said, "not for a group of trophies won from a beaten enemy, not for a symbol of the pride of victory, but as an embodiment and a lasting memorial of common effort and common sacrifice." On the dais near his Majesty may be seen the Queen, Prince Albert (Duke of York), Princess Beatrice, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. In the group in the right foreground is the Duke of Connaught.

Photograph by Central Press.

spectacle of a man, evidently recovering from a night of cups, emerging from a four-poster while his mistress is making love to his doctor. To think of it, and then to

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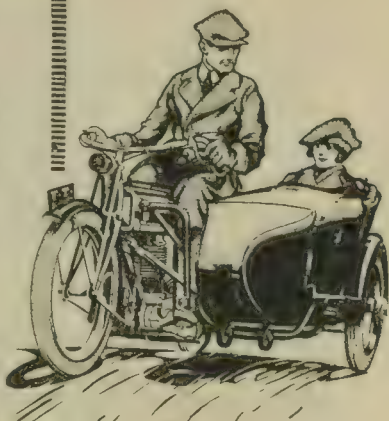
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Made by PEEK FREAN.

(Continued.)

is rare discretion of undertone. The groups are magnificent, almost sculptural, and the dancing of Miss Phyllis Bedells is wholly delightful. She is now the English ballet-dancer *par excellence*, and she should not be compared with the Russian dancers. By any other name Miss Phyllis Bedells would betray that she is English to the core in the most graceful sense of the word. She, too, wafts through the air like Pavlova; but it is a different agility, it is less ethereal, also less studied. Miss Bedells loses herself entirely in her work: she loves it; she smiles with all her limbs as well as with her face; she makes one think of old-world merry-making in Merrie England. Her art is simple,

and although her technique is perfect it is never obtrusive. It grows on one, and, if it does not literally take one's breath away, it leaves an impression of something exceedingly fragrant, girlish, young, sincere.

And then there is the scene at Versailles—Versailles as it lives in history in France's golden age, with the stateliness of its buildings, the glittering play of its fountains, the exquisiteness of hoop and wig, the daintiness of manner and hypnotising charm of the minuet! It is almost a pity that at a certain moment Mr. Robey forgets his Louis XV. and indulges in the accents of Cockaigne. It was so beautiful as it was in its reminiscence of an age of grace. Now modern notes seemed to jar; it made one think of the Revolutionary crowd desecrating the royal palaces of Louis XVI. when he was ousted from the Tuileries. If I had been the producer I would have left this lovely vision of glorious Versailles alone, in all its glory.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JOHNNY JONES AND HIS SISTER SUE."
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

A HEAVY burden is laid on the shoulders of Mr. George Robey, magnetic comedian though he is, in the latest Alhambra programme: for in "Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue," he is expected to live up to, if not eclipse, "Bing-Boy" memories, and in essaying so hard a task he can no longer count on Miss Violet Loraine as a partner. For this resourceful actress, who can really hold the stage, Miss Ivy St. Helier, with all her daintiness, is no sufficient substitute: her talent is on too small a scale. There is, to be sure, pretty dancing from Miss Phyllis Bedells, and Mr. Cuvillier offers a characteristically tuneful score. But the duty of providing the bulk of the fun—and, next to pictorial effects, fun is needed most in Alhambra revue—rests with Mr. Robey; and his librettist, Mr. Vernon, has not equipped him with over-much material—imitating what has served in the past instead of striking out a new line. No doubt, in process of time, the "Minister of Mirth" will collect his own straw, and then offer slabs of humour as good as any already to his credit. Meantime, he has one exhilarating piece of business in pantomime, wherein he puts on the gloves to face a Paris boxing champion, and is knocked out only to discover himself transformed into Louis Quinze. That makes a visit to the Alhambra worth any one's while, and Mr. Robey has other moments, and will have more.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

To those who love historical and literary associations, it must seem at once quaint and delightful that what Swift inspired, and Pope watched a-making—Gay's



AN INTERESTING EVENT AT THE "ZOO": A BABY BISON WITH ITS MOTHER.

Photograph by Sport and General.

"Newgate pastoral" of "The Beggar's Opera"—should give unstinted pleasure to twentieth-century audiences. Even its allusions to politics, far from being stale, seem to have a special point to-day, for whereas contemporary playgoers insisted on recognising Walpole and Townshend in the two rogues who fall out, Peachum and Locket, modern malcontents can identify the pair with living counterparts according to their party bias. If the fun in this comic drama of knavery still gets across the footlights, neither have the airs lost their charm. Mr. Frederic Austin, the Peachum in Mr. Nigel Playfair's production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, has two hundred years later arranged and orchestrated the score, with regard to the instrumental resources of the period. Mr. Ranalow makes a most spirited villain-hero of Macheath, at his best in telling us how happy he could be with either "charmer"; and he and the dainty Polly, Miss Sylvia Nelis, provide, perhaps, the musical treat of the evening in their rendering of "Over the Hills."



IN THE STYLE OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SCANDINAVIAN HUNTING-BOX. WITH JACOBAN FURNITURE: THE DESIGN FOR THE ROYAL BOX AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

The King has arranged to visit the International Horse Show at Olympia on June 22. The Show opened on the 16th, and remains open till the 26th. The Royal Box has been designed in the form of a living-room as found in sixteenth-century Scandinavian hunting-boxes, and resembling the half-timbered English rooms of the same period. There is a large open fireplace (seen above in the background), with old-fashioned settles, and an old oak sideboard (on the right), with Toby jugs and other appropriate pieces.

JEWELLERS TO

H.M. THE KING



THE NEW "HAMPDEN" SERVICE

Reg. No. 671129.

THIS new pattern for Spoons and Forks is entirely British in design and manufacture, and is the exclusive property of the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. It has been produced to meet the demand for Spoons and Forks of period design and of delicate character, without losing the durability of the more conventional patterns. The "Hampden" Service is made in the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's famous Electro Plate, which is the highest quality Plate procurable, and at the low prices charged offers the best value obtainable.

TABLE SPOONS AND FORKS	...	60/- per doz.
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TEA SPOONS	...	21/- per doz.

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fitted with "Hampden" Spoons,
Forks and Cutlery in quantities for
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Fitted with "Hampden" Spoons
and Forks and Rustless Xylonite-
Handled Cutlery £45 17 6



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Read what Mother says:—

Hillary, near Durban, Natal, *July, 1919.*

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"Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in sending you a photo of our twin girls at 10 months old, both of whom were entirely reared on Savory & Moore's Food. Everyone asks me, 'What do you give them?' so that we are constantly recommending Savory & Moore's. Make whatever use you like of this letter and photo, and believe us your grateful and staunch supporters. "A. & D. JACKSON."

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THE SCHOOLMASTER

After School in the Master's Common Room—a "Civic" Pipe seems to end petty worries in smoke

FIFTY MODELS
ONE PRICE

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Sell "CIVICS."

"THE CIVIC PIPE"

"Makes Leisure a Pleasure." C24

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Kit in 2 to 4 days
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8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents.

OUR COLOUR-PLATE: "LEARNING THE KORAN."

(See Double-Page Illustration.)

MEDIAEVAL Cairo and some of the neighbouring villages provide the subjects for a delightful series of twenty-seven exquisite colour-plates, by Mr. Walter Tyndale, in his book, "An Artist in Egypt" (Hodder and Stoughton). One of them, called "An Arab School," showing a class in the Mosque of Salih, is reproduced as a large double-page colour illustration in this number. Mr. Tyndale, whose letterpress is hardly less attractive than his illustrations, thus describes the scene: "Though still used as a place of worship on Fridays, it (the mosque) serves as a school during the rest of the week. The young students, squatting on the matting and committing to memory verses of the Koran, form picturesque groups, and the little crowd around the rostrum of the teacher centralises the subject. . . . The students here are mostly lads, and are either preparing for the university (El Azhar) or are the children of parents who may not approve of the modernised form of instruction at the Khedivial schools. As in all purely Arab schools, the training is almost entirely confined to exercising the memory rather than the development of the reasoning faculties. It is often quite sufficient qualification for a teacher (*fikee*) to know his Koran by heart, so that he can detect any mistakes in the verses which he hears his scholars repeat. As every lad repeats aloud what he tries to learn by heart, the noise is easily imagined. There seems little restraint: the lads nibble at their lunch or buy drinks from the lemonade-seller when it pleases them. The profession of a *fikee* is, I am told, not a lucrative one. A half piastre, *i.e.*, five farthings, per week per pupil, used to be his earnings, though this may have increased slightly with the general increase of wages. . . . Under the advisership of Mr. Dunlop and his staff of able school-inspectors, a sound education on enlightened lines is now obtainable even in the smallest towns for the children whose parents can or will afford the fees of the Khedivial schools. But the *kuttab*, as the poorer and purely Mohammedan schools are called, seem to have drifted into a backwater, and are little influenced by the stream of enlightenment which flows past them."

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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

O H LABONE (Barrow-in-Furness).—We are very pleased to receive the game, and hope to publish it in an early number.

A W LUYENDYK (Winkler, Manitoba).—Thanks for letter and enclosure.

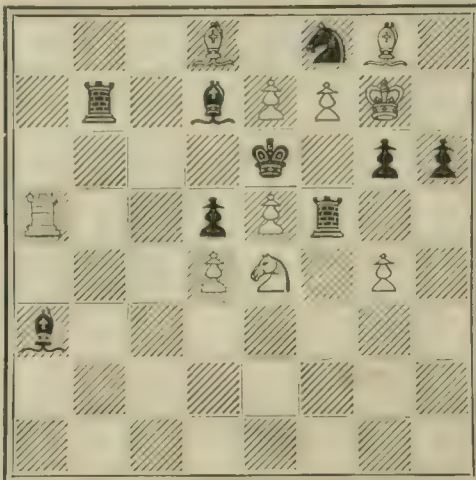
PROBLEMS RECEIVED WITH THANKS from A M Sparke and W R Kinsey.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3828 received from J V Semik (Prague), of No. 3832 from K D Ghose (Simla); of No. 3835 from Henry A Sella (Denver, U.S.A.), and John F Wilkinson (Ramleh, Egypt); of No. 3836 from J Paul Taylor (Exeter), Commander T L S Garrett, R.N.R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Léon Ryški (Belfast), E M Vicars (Norwich), Major Deykin (Edgbaston), J T Palmer (Church), G H Betts (Bradfield College), W C D Smith (Northampton), and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3837 received from H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), J S Forbes (Brighton), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), H Maxwell Prideaux (Plymouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A H H (Bath), and Arthur J Sims (Manchester).

PROBLEM No. 3838.—By H. T. ASCHÉ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3836.—By F. W. R. LEISTIKOW.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

WHITE

1. B to Kt 4th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Any move.

Mr. Norman T. Whitaker, who conducted White's forces in our game of this week, and to whom we are indebted for the score, is a well-known American amateur, who visited Europe in 1908 and 1910 as one of three representatives of United States colleges to play matches with the Old World universities. Black needs no introduction, except that he is not to be confused with his namesake, who nominally holds the World's Championship. The game itself is the first recorded one to be played by wireless telegraphy, and the notes are Mr. Whitaker's, slightly abridged.

CHESS BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Played between Mr. NORMAN T. WHITAKER, at the Capitol City Chess Club, Washington, and Mr. EDWARD LASKER, at the Illinois Athletic Club, Chicago.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

- | | | | |
|---------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to Q 4th | 13. P to B 3rd | B to K 2nd |
| 2. P takes P | Kt to K B 3rd | 14. Kt to Kt 3rd | B to Kt 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th (ch) | | 15. Q to R 4th | Kt takes B |
| | | 16. P takes Kt | Q to Kt 3rd |
| | | 17. R to B 2nd | Kt to B 4th |
| | | 18. Q to B 2nd | Kt to Q 2nd |
| | | 19. P to K 4th | |

This is probably stronger than the usual continuation by P to Q 4th.

7. P to B 3rd

8. P takes P

9. B to B 4th

10. P to Q 3rd

11. Kt to Q B 3rd

12. P to K R 3rd

13. P to B 3rd

14. Kt to Kt 3rd

15. Q to R 4th

16. P takes Kt

17. R to B 2nd

18. Q to B 2nd

19. P to K 4th

20. K to R sq

21. R to K 2nd

22. Kt to R 4th

23. Kt takes B (ch)

24. Q to Kt 3rd

25. R to B 3rd

26. R to B 3rd

27. R to B 3rd

28. R to B 3rd

29. R to B 3rd

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90. R to B 3rd

A trap to tempt the obvious reply of B to Q B 4th, after which P to Q 4th, and the subsequent exchanges would lead to the winning of the K. by R to Q sq.

20. K to R sq

21. R to K 2nd

22. Kt to R 4th

23. Kt takes B (ch)

24. Q to Kt 3rd

25. R to B 3rd

26. R to B 3rd

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99. R to B 3rd

100. R to B 3rd

URODONAL

and GOUT.

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT. GRAVEL.
CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
SICK-HEADACHE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY. ACIDITY.

Urodonal

cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints.
It maintains the flexibility of the arteries
and prevents Obesity.

Urodonal

is to Rheumatism and Gout what Quinine
is to Fever.



A Martyr to Gout.

What is Gout?

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through arthritis (excess of uric acid in the blood). Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to remedy the condition by careful dieting, avoiding all excess or errors in living, leading an open-air, active life, etc. Even these precautionary measures may prove insufficient to prevent overproduction of uric acid, and steps will have to be taken to eliminate the poison as fast as it is being formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris

Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of URODONAL, which is thirty-seven times more active than lithia, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless (unlike other remedies of a similar kind), and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

Dr. DAURIAN,
Paris Faculty of Medicine.

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Globeol is a splendid tonic in cases of nervous exhaustion; it nourishes and regenerates the nerves, tones up the grey matter of the brain, increases nerve force, and augments the capacity for intellectual work.

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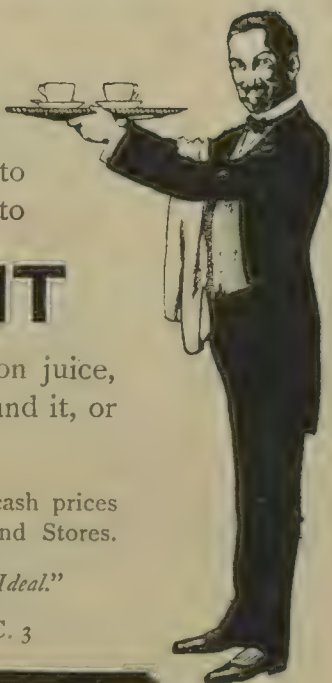
CAFÉ AU LAIT

allow to cool, add a few drops of lemon juice, and serve in a jug with broken ice round it, or cool more quickly in a freezer.

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LETTERS from ANOTHER SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON

With Illustrations by JOSEPH SIMPSON and ALICK RITCHIE.

Dear Bob,

Denstone writes me that Bagster, the Halifax cashier, has taken "French Leave" and gone to a destination unknown for a holiday with £1,750 in small notes of the firm's money. He asks me what "action" should be taken in the matter. I have wired back, "Do what you like." Denstone is the C.O. at Halifax, and if I were he the "action" I should take would be to give a very severe curtain lecture to the subordinate responsible for insurance matters at Halifax—meaning yourself. I told you in my last letter that you hadn't given enough thought to insurance, and this unpleasant little episode absolutely proves me right. No provision whatever has been made at Halifax against loss by dishonesty of employees. For goodness sake put a cold-water bandage round your head and *think* a bit for yourself. Don't expect me to evaporate all my grey matter for you. I suppose you never heard of Fidelity Guarantees or Bonds, which should be an essential condition of employment in the case of cashiers and others handling money? They are invariably required by all large business houses like our own. They are issued at very moderate rates by the



"... distributing the firm's money amongst chorus girls in flash restaurants."

Motor Union Company, and if one had been held bearing our defaulting friend Bagster's name we shouldn't have been £1,750 to the bad at the present time. Fidelity Bonds not only safeguard you against loss by dishonesty but against dud employees. A man that can meet the requirements of the Bond is generally pretty sound and not likely to go about distributing the firm's money among chorus girls in flash restaurants, or among bookmakers on the popular pastime of backing losers. That's all I have to say on the matter. Denstone, I hope, will be a little bit more emphatic. But for your own sake, as well as the firm's, see that a Motor Union Fidelity Bond accompanies the new cashier at the Halifax Depot.

Glad to learn that you feel quite fit again after your recent illness. I am pleased that the nurse you had was so satisfactory, but can't quite understand why you harp upon the matter so much.

Your affectionate,
Father.

THE MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO.

10 ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.



St. James's 9

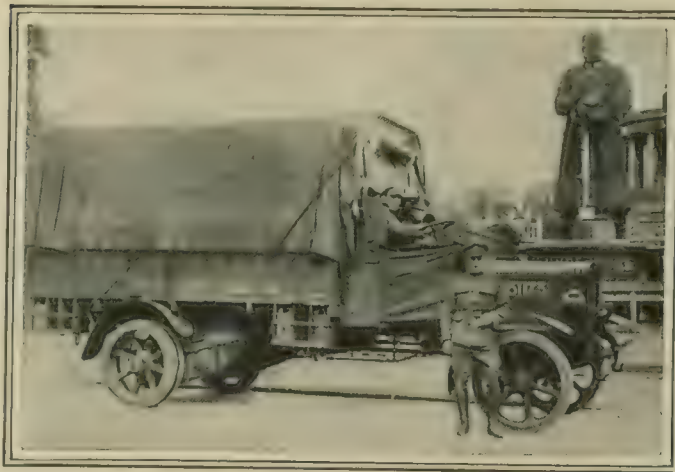
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Left-Hand Drive
on British Roads.

Quite a considerable controversy has arisen over the question of whether cars with left-hand drive should be allowed on our roads. This appears to be developing into a strong demand that they should be prohibited, on account of the alleged danger arising from their use. I have driven several cars with the steering-wheel and controls on the left and while I do not mind them on the open road, I agree that they are far from easy in heavy traffic. It is obviously impossible to get a proper view of meeting vehicles. One pulls out to pass a slow-moving van, which obscures direct vision, only to find that something is coming in the reverse direction, and there is a hurried tuck in behind the van. Apart from the actual danger of collision, the strain on one's nerves is by no means slight, and to drive a left-handed car all day in town is an experience that I confess I should not like too often. Not only so, but I have found that judgment of distance when meeting other traffic is difficult; and where, as in driving in London, the amount of space to spare is often to be measured in inches, it is obvious that the margin between safety and accident is greatly reduced. Moreover, one cannot get away from the number of untoward occurrences which have happened lately in which it has been made clear that the left-hand drive has been at the bottom of the accident. With every desire to be as impartial as possible, I cannot avoid the conclusion that left-hand drive does introduce an extra element of danger when compared with the orthodox design in which control is exercised from the right or off-side of the car. On the whole, therefore, I am disposed to agree with those who call for prohibition of the type. Unfortunately, the standard of driving is not so high as it was before the war, and when we have the combination of careless, unskilful driver and left-hand steering, it seems to invite trouble.

Another Strong
Argument.

The reason why we have so many of these left-hand driven cars on the roads is that certain motor



A "COMMER" CAR IN BERLIN: A BRITISH MOTOR TRANSPORT LORRY IN FRONT OF THE HINDENBURG STATUE.

In a letter to Messrs. Commercial Cars, Ltd., sending the above photograph, a British corporal writes: "You see the 'Commer' car gets there every time. We arrived in Berlin in front of all the others. You will notice that Hindenburg has taken his cap off to us!"



WITH A B.S.A. MOTOR-BICYCLE USED BY DISPATCH-RIDERS: FRENCH OFFICERS AND MEN OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, FRANKFORT, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL DEMETZ.

manufacturers, mostly American and none British, have adopted a "take it or leave it" attitude. Their models are made to conform to the rule of the road in their own country, and to alter them to fit our own would entail some little expense. They know that there is a tremendous demand in this country for cars, and that people will take almost anything that is offered them, so long as they can be assured of early delivery. Therefore, they tell us that either we can have the cars as they like to give them to us, or we can go without. If the demand were smaller, and competition for orders were the rule, they would fall over themselves to fit right-hand control. The question is, therefore, why should we be compelled to take a thing we do not like and which brings with it an added element of danger to our motoring? Obviously there is no reason why we should, and I am perfectly convinced that if legislation were passed prohibiting the left-hand drive, the manufacturers in question would change their designs rather than lose the market. That conviction strengthens me in my opposition to the objectionable and undoubtedly dangerous left-hand control. There is just this to be said: in fairness to those who

already own vehicles of this type, or who have ordered them in the belief that their use is perfectly legal, if legislation is to be undertaken notice should be given at once. Nor need it be made retrospective, though that is undoubtedly a matter for fuller discussion. It is understood that the Departmental Committee on the Taxation and Regulation of Motor Vehicles is to inquire into and report to the Ministry of Transport on the matter, so that there may be a definite pronouncement before long. It should not be delayed for a moment longer than necessary.

An Important
Fusion.

It has been officially announced that the terms of an amalgamation have been agreed between the directors of the Darracq and Sunbeam companies, subject to the approval of the shareholders in both concerns. There is very little doubt of this approval being secured. The new concern is to be known as S.T.D. Motors, Ltd.—this title combining the initials of the three

[Continued overleaf.]

STRAKER SQUIRE

"SIX"

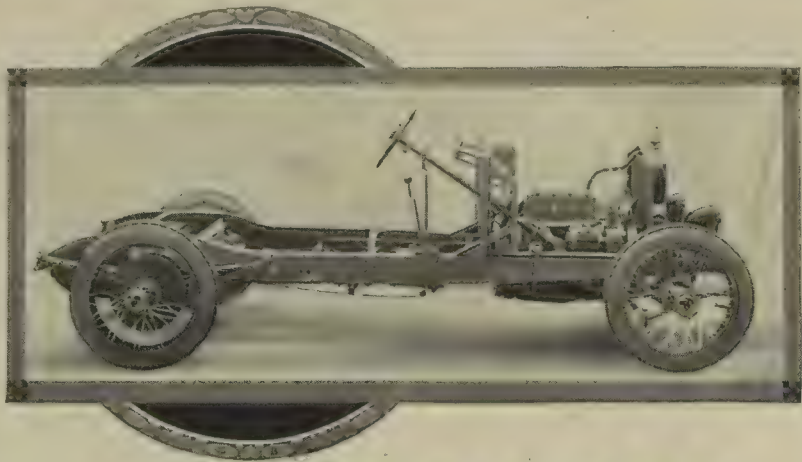
THE Straker-Squire is a car that inspires absolute confidence. It is as reliable as a chronometer. All essential parts are designed with a large margin of safety and the chassis is so beautifully balanced that the tendency to skid is practically eliminated.

STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD.
57 ANGEL ROAD, EDMONTON, N.18.

CONFIDENCE



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GREGOIRE CAMPBELL

17.50 h.p. SPORTING CAR

17.9 h.p., R.A.C. rating, 6 Gns. tax.
Chassis £990 complete with accessories. Several complete cars with various types of body work ready for
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

These cars are capable of a speed of
OVER SIXTY MILES PER HOUR

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Telephone GERRARD 3376

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Crossley

**"She is a
wonderful
car"**

Messrs. Crossley Motors Ltd.
Gorton, Manchester.

"Padstow," Purley,
Surrey, 5th May, 1920.

Dear Sirs,

I recently purchased from an Agent a new R.F.C. 25/30 h.p. Crossley, and I feel I must express to you my very great satisfaction with this car.

I have just completed a 2,000 miles trip in North Wales and the Lake District with six passengers, and I cannot speak too highly of her performance during the whole trip.

She is a wonderful car, and leaves nothing to be desired as to her climbing, speed, flexibility, smoothness, quietness and springing, and her oil consumption is so low that at first one wonders whether everything is in order, while as to mileage you may be interested to know that I am using pure N.B.A. Benzol with the best results, and am getting an average consumption of over 20 miles per gallon which I consider very good.

I met and chatted with other owners of the new Crossley car and have heard only praise. You may use this letter if you wish, although I expect it is only one of many similar ones.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) S. F. CHORLEY.

Write for full details
of the Crossley 25/30
h.p. R.F.C. Model.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.
Builders of Quality Cars, MANCHESTER
London Office and Service Depot: 50, Page
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APPRECIATION OF EFFICIENCY.

ADMIRATION is always centred on a car which combines the highest qualities of modern engineering construction and beauty of appearance, with low costs for initial outlay and subsequent up-keep.

THE efficiency of the 1920 6-cylinder Buick not only enhances its past reputation, but establishes a foundation for still further popularity.

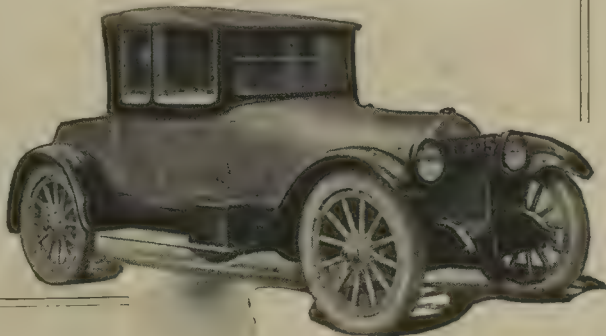
For full particulars apply to:—

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED,

135/7, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

Telegrams:—
"Genmotexpo, London."

Telephone:—
Gerrard 9626.



PAIGE
The Sports Model

PAIGE
The Most Beautiful Car in America

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

THE famous Paige Sports model (with full electrical equipment), 30-35 h.p., complete with five disc-steel wheels. English finish. A magnificent car—swift, silent and reliable. Immediate delivery of Sports Models or 7-seater Touring Cars.

LARCHMONT MOTORS, LTD. (Dept. 2),
119, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, W. 1

Sole Concessionnaires for United Kingdom.

Service Station and Spare Part Depot—111, GROSVENOR ROAD, S.W.

Continued.
principal firms concerned in the combination, Sunbeam, Talbot and Darracq. The pooled capital of the company will be over three millions sterling, and the combine should be one of the strongest in the motor industry. Sunbeams have long been regarded as among the soundest of British motor-manufacturing enterprises, and for some years past the Darracq Company has been able to pay dividends of 20 per cent. on their Ordinary, and 10 per cent. on their Preference shares. Talbots, too, were one of the most successful private companies in the industry. The whole of the share capital in this concern, it will be remembered, was purchased outright by the Darracq Company eight or nine months ago. It is the intention to continue the manufacture of Sunbeam cars at Wolverhampton under the existing management, but three directors nominated by Darracqs will be added to the Sunbeam Board, and a similar number of the Sunbeam directors will find seats on the board of the Darracq Company.

An Interesting Automatic Road Guide.

I was given the other day a demonstration of an exceedingly clever and interesting automatic road guide, called the "Mileometer." This is a metal box, containing two rollers, on one of which is wound a strip carrying all the information relating to the road which is necessary to the tourist. Every crossing, every

turning, every fork in the road is indicated, with clear directions as to the action to be taken. A taximeter cam on the front wheel of the car drives the device through a flexible shaft, and thence operates the rollers by means of a pair of friction discs. As the car travels, so the paper strip is wound from one roller to the other, and the exact point of the road at which the car may be is indicated by a pointer. The first question which will occur is as to possible faulty registration through variations in tyre diameter. This is easily compensated by an adjustment of the friction discs already mentioned. The British Motor Trading Corporation has taken up the idea, and the intention is to create a great service organisation.—W. W.

As a health resort and holiday resort combined, Harrogate offers attractions that equal or, as many think, surpass those of any foreign spa. Lying amid the glorious Yorkshire moorlands, a region rich in natural beauty and historic interest, with many old castles, cathedrals, and abbeys within visiting distance, it is an excellent centre for motoring and other pilgrimages. Golf, tennis, and other sports can be enjoyed there under ideal conditions, while the town provides first-rate indoor entertainments. On the curative side, Harrogate possesses eighty-seven different natural mineral springs, and the most modern

methods of treatment. An illustrated brochure with all particulars can be obtained free on application to Mr. F. J. C. Broome, General Manager, Room 17, Harrogate, or to Mr. H. J. Jewell, 353, Strand, London, W.C.2.; also at the offices of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons.

At the annual general meeting of the "Sanitas" Company, Ltd., held recently, Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S. (the chairman), congratulated the shareholders on a satisfactory increase in the company's trade and profit, notwithstanding the continued difficulties of high prices of raw materials, and the shortage in the supply of bottles during part of the year under review. He also mentioned that several promising developments were under the consideration of the board. The balance to the credit of profit and loss account amounted to £39,012 5s. 9d., and after payment of the dividend on the Nine per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares, and provision for income-tax, it was proposed to pay a dividend of 10 per cent., free of income-tax, on the Ordinary shares for the year ended March 31, 1920, leaving a balance of £2811 11s. 7d. The retiring directors, Mr. J. L. Ferguson, Mr. J. L. Buchanan, and Mr. J. Inglis, and the auditors (Messrs. Williams and Newman) were duly re-elected, and votes of thanks were passed to the chairman and directors, also to the managing-director (Mr. N. F. Kingzett) and the staff.

HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King, RECOMMEND
the following WINES:

	per doz. bottles	per doz. ½ bottles
MARGAUX	4/-	27/-
PONNET CANET	54/-	30/-
LATOUR	60/-	33/-
LEOVILLE	72/-	39/-

Special Quotations for 100 Dozen or more.
New Wine Lists on application.
155, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

OBESITY

Your weight can be reduced and the inconvenience arising from obesity remedied by taking

Dr. Deschamp's IODHYRINE

The Great French Remedy.
Equally beneficial to both sexes.
No restriction of diet necessary.

10/- box—a complete month's treatment.

Sole Selfridges, Harrods, Army & Navy Stores, H. & A. Wilcox, J. & J. P. Frizell, Boots, etc.
Retail and Wholesale Agents, 107, Strand, W.C.2

THE BERKEFELD
Filter
SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2



FILTER

HAVE YOUR SUIT TURNED
For Free Descriptive Booklet write—
THE INVISIBLE REPAIR CO.
(Dept. I.N.), St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C. (only address).

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.


BAILEY'S TURNSTILES,
TURRET CLOCKS,
PUMPS AND VALVES,
&c. &c.
SIR W. H. BAILEY & CO. LD.
ALBION WORKS, BAYFORD



THE ISLE OF WIGHT
ENGLAND'S BEAUTIFUL GARDEN ISLE.
No resort in England provides greater opportunities for rest and recreation, health and pleasure. Soft yet bracing air. Fine coast and inland scenery. Lofty, sloping downs. Charming health resorts at Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Freshwater, Yarmouth, Totland Bay, Ryde, Cowes, etc.
Golf, Coaching, Cycling, Motoring. Good hotels and boarding houses. Guides, post-wagon, of R. M. BUTTON, Freshwater Railway, NEWPORT, I.O.W.

INDIGESTION

and like complaints cured by SENDINETTE, a High-Class Pharmaceutical Preparation. Discovered by an ex-Dyspeptic after having tried all other so-called remedies.
Stamped envelope will bring FREE TRIAL SAMPLES. In boxes 3/- and 5/- each, post paid.
SENDINETTE.
Dr. Sendinette. 38a, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.4



CRANE
PIPE, FITTINGS, VALVES & COCKS.
DISTRIBUTORS OF HEATING & SANITARY MATERIALS

TELEPHONE: Avenue 8062-5 (4 Lines)
TELEGRAMS: 'Sprucenoss, Phone, London.'

CRANE - BENNETT LTD.
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A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge
FOR
CONSTIPATION
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.
Sold by all Chemists, 4/6 a box.

For safety razors

NO MORE STROPPING!

Two Strokes of your Safety Razor or Ordinary Razor across the "COSMOS" Device gives a keen cutting edge. It is so simple a child can use it. Prolongs the life of the blade. Handy, efficient, and an ideal gift. Sold Everywhere.

For ordinary razors

Write for Booklet and name of nearest retailer.

Sole Distributing Agents:
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The Cosmos
HONING & STROPPING DEVICE



for cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/2 2/6 & 4/6
J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester

Culleton's Heraldic Office
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.
Arms and Pedigrees of English and Foreign Families.
Genealogical Researches in Public Records.
PEDIGREES ENGROSSED AND EMBLAZONED
Seals, Rings, Dies, Book-plates (ex-libris) Engraved.
ARMORIAL STAINED GLASS. MEMORIAL TABLETS.
Sketches and Designs for all purposes.

GREY HAIR
quickly restored,
to its natural colour and richness by the famous MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER—NOT A DYE, Renew and strengthens thin and falling hair. 3/6 per bottle. Of Chemists, Perfumers, Stores, or post free in U.K. from Anglo-American Drug Co., 33, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C. General Sales Agents: The British Heraldic Co., Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4




MEXICAN Hair Renewer

ILLUSTRATED LIST


Post Free. Best Material, Workmanship and Prompt Dispatch

GREENHOUSES.
Forcing Houses, Conservatories, Vineries, Cucumber Frames, Heating Apparatus, etc., etc.




POULTRY APPLIANCES.

Incubators, Foster Mothers, Rearing Houses, Runs, Hurdles, Coops, Nest Boxes, Troughs, Kennels, Barrows, etc., etc.




WOOD, IRON AND ASBESTOS BUILDINGS
Dwellings, Bungalows, Stables, Motor-Car Houses, Pavilions, Workshops, Offices, Stoves, etc., etc.



RUSTIC WORK

of Every Description.

Houses, Arches, Bridges, Pergolas, Seats, etc., etc.



G. W. RILEY, Herne Hill, LONDON, S.E.
(Proprietors—The Portable Bungalow Co., Ltd.)



Don't Suffer With Eczema Cuticura Soothes At Once

First bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and gently rub on Cuticura Ointment. This treatment not only soothes, but in most cases heals distressing eczemas, rashes, irritations, etc.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-day supply Skin Boil kit address **F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London.** Also for mail orders with price.

☞ Cuticura Soap shaves without mug

CAMERA Biggest selection of best makers.
Great reductions off to-day's prices. Hundreds of Second-hand Cameras in 'good as new' condition offered from 50% to 75% less than present prices. 100 page Bargains List, post free.—The City Sale & Exchange, 105, 1 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

BARGAINS

KING'S HEAD Tobacco

You can smoke this tobacco in a strong wind without the annoyance of seeing it scattered broadcast—the saving effected is due to the peculiar and pleasing way in which the tobacco is cut.

THREE NUNS

—a milder blend—is manufactured by the same process.

Both are sold everywhere at the same price—
1 oz. packets, **1/1**; Tins: 2 oz., **2/2**;
4 oz., **4/4**

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

Medium.			
In 10's	20's	50's	100's
6d.	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made.			
In 10's	20's	50's	100's
8d.	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

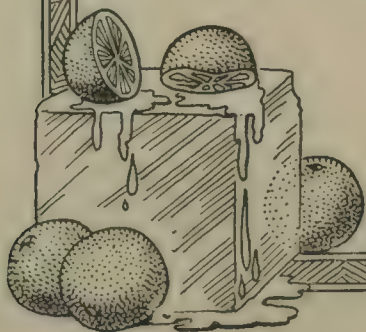
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Schwepes Orange Squash

SCHWEPES LIMITED beg to place before the public an entirely new Summer beverage, which, taken with Schwepes' Soda Water or plain water, is most refreshing. Their name is a guarantee of purity and excellence

On Sale
Everywhere



Cabinet Grand
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The Choice of Musicians

ONCE you have heard a famous artist reproduced on a Columbia Grafonola, you will never again be satisfied with a tone less round and rich or a reproduction less natural. Hear a Columbia Grafonola and Columbia records—the most perfect combination in the gramophone world.

In Three Models: Table Grands No. 22 (£24); No. 23 (£30). Cabinet Model, No. 27 (£50). On sale at all Music-dealers and Stores. Write for Illustrated List, COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

The Columbia Grafonola

Table Grand
No. 22 & No. 23.



Lea & Perrins

The High Cost of Living necessitates economy. You can make the lower priced cuts of meats equal to the best in flavour and enjoyment with the addition of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The best goes furthest.

The Original and genuine
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Start To-day and get rid of your Skin Trouble

Whatever your skin trouble, it will be cured by Antexema. As water puts out fire, so Antexema conquers skin illness. It succeeds after doctors, specialists and all else have failed, and you see the benefit as soon as you use it. The first application of Antexema stops irritation and arrests the progress of your skin complaint, and you have only to persevere with its use to be quickly and thoroughly cured. Antexema is not a quack nostrum, but is compounded from the prescription of a British physician, and its superlative value in every form of skin illness is beyond dispute.

Antexema gives instant relief.

Antexema cures every skin illness, from slight every-day troubles to the worst cases of eczema. Bad legs, rough hands, face spots, insect bites, sunburn, and every sore, irritated or pimply skin condition quickly yields to Antexema, which is very economical, one small bottle generally being sufficient for a cure. Few troubles make such rapid progress as skin complaints. Hence the imperative need for using Antexema the moment such ailments start. Antexema is not a greasy ointment but a creamy liquid and is invisible on the skin.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges', Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows', at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. & 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also in India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.



CLAXTON
EAR-CAP.

No more Ugly Ears

Get the Claxton Ear-Cap and let your child wear it in the nursery, and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will soon be corrected. Easy and comfortable in wear. Keeps hair from tangling during sleep, and promotes breathing through the nose. The Claxton Ear-Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are soft and pliable. Made in rose-pink in 21 sizes. Send your order direct, giving measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to I. L. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1, and enclose remittance of 5s. Also obtainable from chemists, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Army and Navy, Whiteley's, Barker's, Shoolbred's, Debenham's, Peter Robinson's, Swan & Edgar's, Derry and Toms', Garrould's, and Woolland's.

Another Big Cut at Clothing Costs

GIGANTIC OFFER OF WOOLLEN TWEEDS

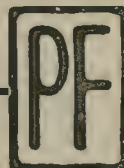
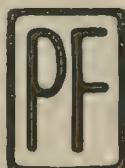


Barrow Woollen Tweeds and Blanket Cloths are ideal Fabrics for making Ladies', Gent's, and Children's OVERCOATS, COSTUMES, SUITS, SPORTS COATS, etc., etc. It is at present made in three qualities and three shades, viz., Fawn Brown, All Wool at 8/-

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S. BARROW & Co. (Dept. 186), 104, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

SEND FOR
FREE
CUTTINGS



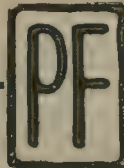
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GOODNESS

SAKE
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PAT-A-CAKE BISCUITS.

Made by

PEEK FREAN.



On a hot day

you can watch or play cricket with more enjoyment if you quench your thirst with

IDRIS

LEMON SQUASH—The World's Refresher, or
LIME JUICE CORDIAL—Rich, Ripe, Refreshing.

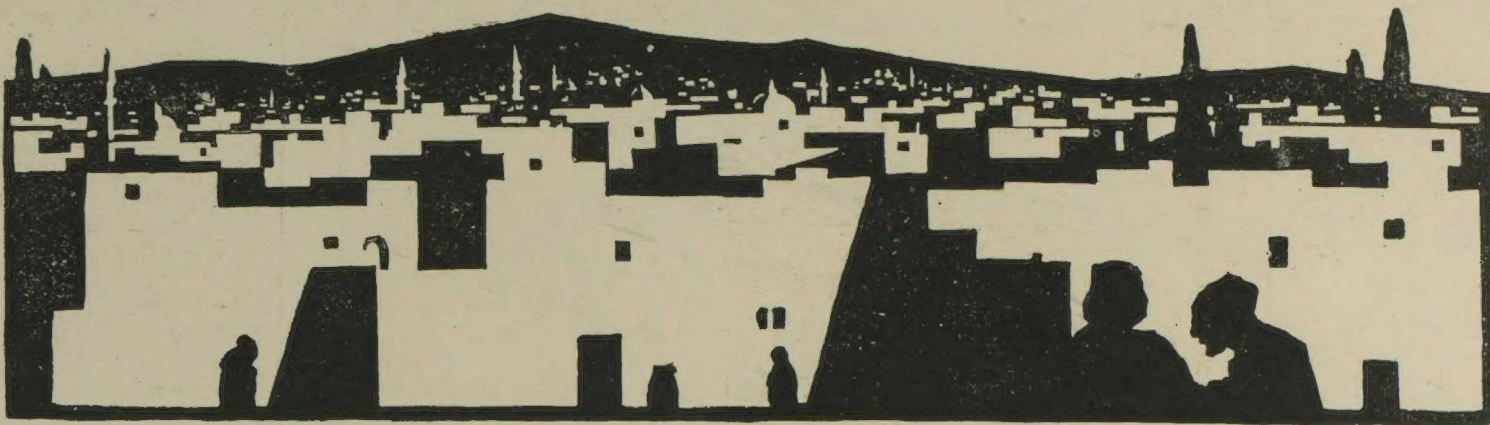
A little of either, with plain or aerated water to taste, gives you a refreshing, clean and healthful beverage.
NO SWEETENING NECESSARY.

Price 2/6 per bottle.

Order LEMON SQUASH or LIME JUICE CORDIAL, Dry Ginger Ale, Sparkling Phosphate Lemonade, or other Aerated Waters, from your Grocer, Chemist or Wine Merchant, but be sure to insist upon IDRIS



By Special
Appointment to
H.M. the King



IN the East they say: "Do you Drink Tobacco?" not "Do you Smoke?"—implying no mere puff-and-burn attitude towards the cigarette, but a restful, most deliberate savour-

ing and rolling round the tongue of its soft fragrance and exquisite palate-pleasure. In this mood you should, because of their fine quality, thoughtfully "drink"

MATINÉE Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by **ALLAN RAMSAY**

218

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Distinguished Designs, Airylight Textures, are the invariable characteristics of **BURBERRY** Summer Safeguards

The protection which they ensure against wet and dust is obtained without sacrifice of their natural ventilation or artistic beauty. Burberry Materials are exquisite creations of the weaver's art in blending colours and originating new patterns, being greatly admired by connoisseurs who do equal justice to their practical service and durability.

Burberry Dust-coat A 1349
Made in Urber Silk with large butterfly pattern. Fulness at hips indicated by large open pockets. Piped basque. Narrow all-round belt.

*Illustrated Catalogue of
Women's Dress sent on request.*

*Coats and Suits cleaned by Burberrys;
Weatherproof Garments re-proofed.
Prices sent post-free.*

BURBERRYS Haymarket ^{S.W.} **LONDON**
8 and 10, BOULEVARD MALESHERBES, PARIS; and Provincial Agents.
Burberrys Limited

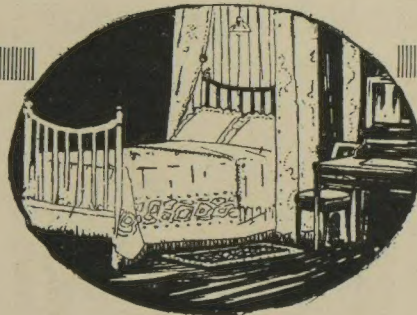


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Burberry
Garment
bears a
Burberry
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Ribbon

Burberry Dust-coat A 1349.



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of Linens mentioned—
sent post free.

IRISH LINEN

ROBINSON & CLEAVER's real Irish Linen is made from the finest selected flax yarns and bleached in nature's own way on Erin's green pastures. It may therefore be absolutely depended upon to give long and satisfactory service. Every time it is laundered it renews its beauty and snowy whiteness.

EXAMPLES:—

No. M.S. 2.—Bleached Linen Sheetting, all pure Flax:

72 inches wide	Per yard	17/11
80 inches wide	Per yard	19/11
90 inches wide	Per yard	21/11

Hemmed Sheets of same:

2 x 3 yards...	Per pair	108/1
2½ x 3½ yards...	Per pair	140/-
2½ x 3½ yards...	Per pair	154/-

Linen Huckaback Towels, hemstitched:

No. W.T. 1.—24 x 40 inches	...	Dozen	59/-
No. W.T. 20.—24 x 40 inches	...	Dozen	49/-
No. W.H. 50.—25 x 42 inches	...	Dozen	75/-



By Royal Appointment.

Write to-day for
Linen List No. 40 D.

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd
The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse,
BELFAST

CL.9620

ILLUSTRATED LIST

Post Free. Best Material. Workmanship and Prompt Dispatch.



Greenhouses.
Forcing Houses, Vineries, Conservatories, Cucumber Frames, Heating Apparatus, etc., etc.

Poultry Appliances.

Incubators, Foster Mothers, Reapers, Houses, Hurdles, Runs, Coops, Nest Boxes, Troughs, Kennels, Barrows, etc., etc.

**Wood, Iron and Asbestos Buildings.**

Dwellings, Bungalows, Stables, Motor Car Houses, Pavilions, Workshops, Offices, Stoves, etc., etc.

**Rustic Work**

Of Every Description.

Houses, Arches, Bridges, Pergolas, Seats, etc., etc.

G. W. RILEY, Herne Hill, London, S.E.
(Proprietors—The Portable Building Co., Ltd.)

OBESITY

Your weight can be reduced and the inconvenience arising from obesity remedied by taking

Dr. Deschamp's IODHYRINE

The Great French Remedy.

Equally beneficial to both sexes. No restriction of diet necessary.

10/-box—a complete month's treatment.

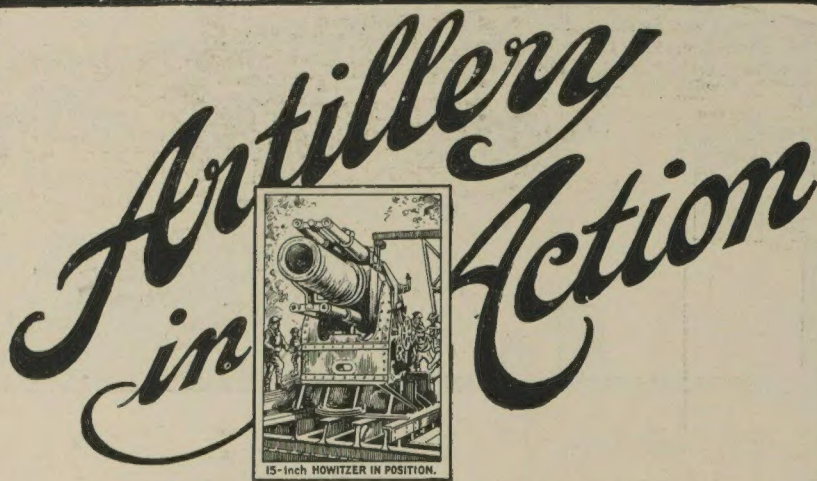
Sold by Selfridges, Harrods, Army & Navy Stores, Whitties, Wilcox Joxeau, Frizells, Boots, etc. Booklet Free from the Agents, 167, Strand, W.C.2

Hindes

HAIR TINT for Grey or Faded Hair



Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct.—HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London, Patentees and Manufacturers of the world-famous Hindes Hair Wavers.



The above is a reproduction of one of a series of Cards published by the Proprietors of

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Tobacco & Cigarettes.

Beautifully printed in colours, each picture represents some branch of Artillery in Action specially drawn for us by an Artist who served in the Artillery during the late war.



There are twelve subjects & Collectors may secure a set post free by writing to **JOHN PLAYER & SONS (A' DEPT)** Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham and enclosing 9d in stamps.

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

P874

HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,

have remaining about 5,000 dozen of the following

Wines:	per doz. bts.	per doz. 1/2 bts.
1. GRAVES	48/-	27/-
2. SAUTERNE	54/-	30/-
3. POUILLY	54/-	30/-
4. FRENCH MOSELLE	48/-	27/-
5. BARSAC	60/-	33/-

New Wine Lists on application, 155, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

PARIS AND THE CONTINENT via NEWHAVEN and DIEPPE.

DAILY (Sundays Included).

VICTORIA dep. 10 0 (L.B. & S.C.R.)	PARIS dep. 10 0 (St. Lazare.)
DIEPPE arr. 15 15	DIEPPE arr. 13 0
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Fast Turbine Steamers. Passports indispensable. Seats may be reserved in the Pullman Cars between London and Newhaven and in the First and Second Class carriages between Dieppe and Paris on payment of a fee.

For details apply Continental Traffic Agent, L.B. & S.C. Rly., Victoria Station, S.W.1.

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has not brought Peace to the Hospitals

—but WAR! War against high prices of food, drugs and everything else, and war against a terrible aftermath of disease and disablement; war against post-war prices with a pre-war income.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY

27th June, 1920

offers you the great annual opportunity of doing your part to relieve the great burden of the London Hospitals.

Many of the Hospitals have long waiting lists which mean much suffering. You have the power, if you will only exercise it, to stop this suffering. Will you do so by sending a contribution to your Vicar or Minister, or to the LORD MAYOR, Mansion House, E.C. 4?

Bankers ... BANK OF ENGLAND.



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Features, so designed to give you every comfort, so built to give you a perfect shave.

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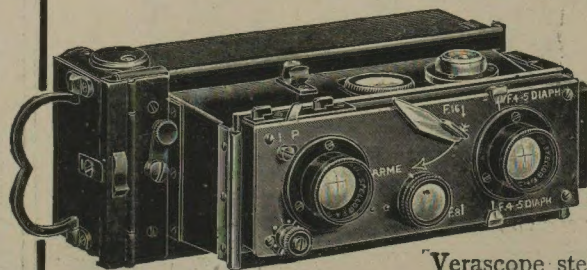
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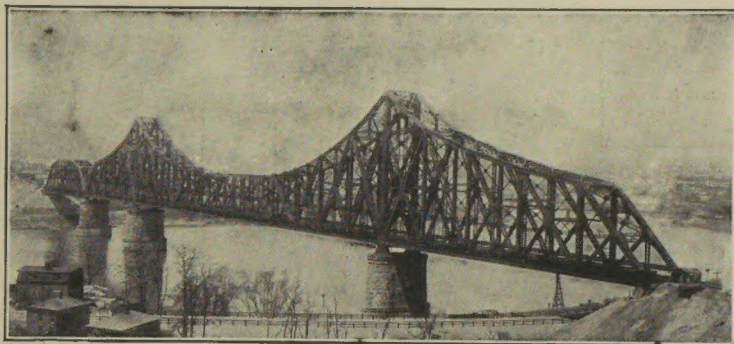
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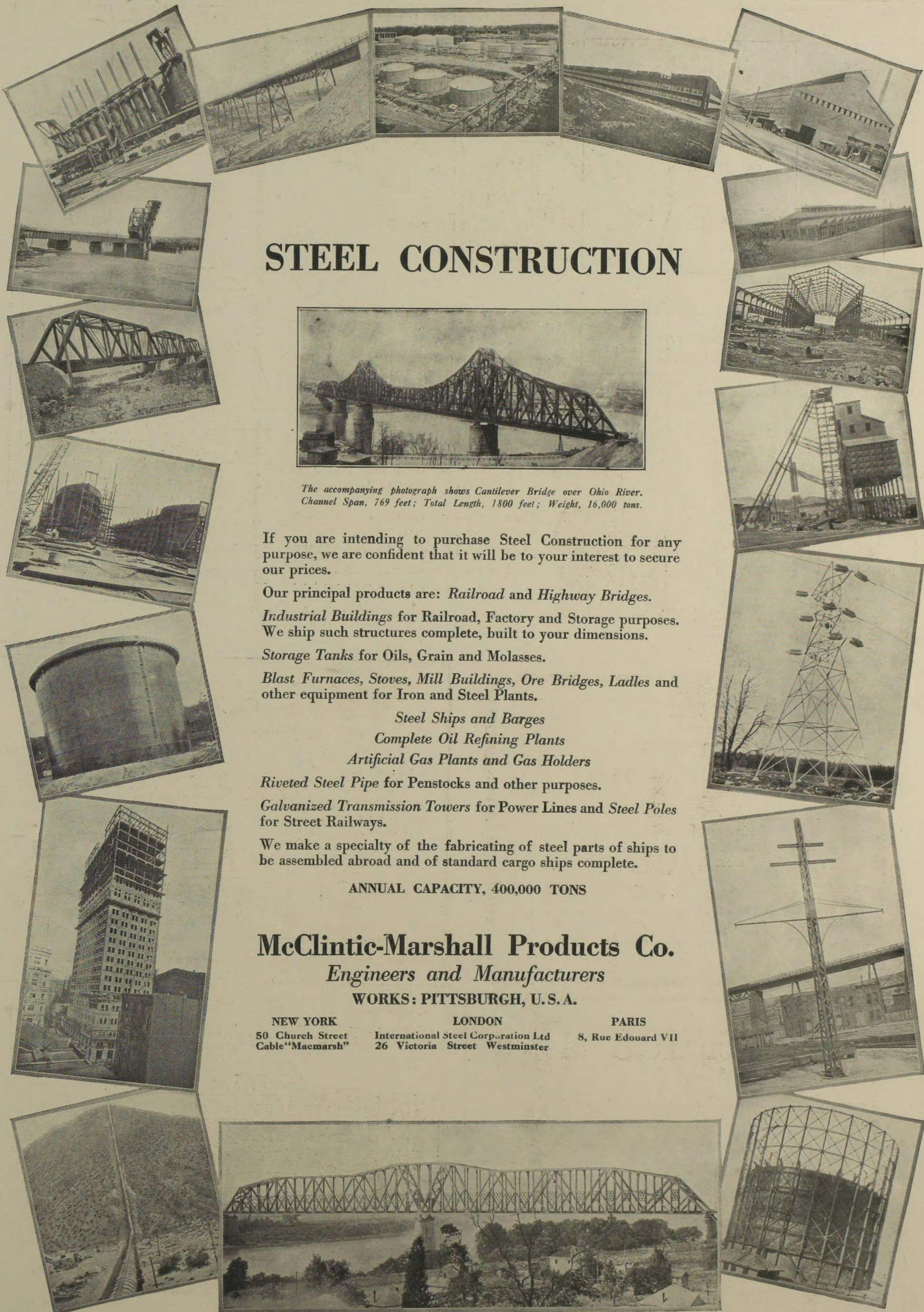
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That to your comfort, when you're Dead & Rotten
Your Widows may be Rich when you're forgotten*

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Published in 1720.

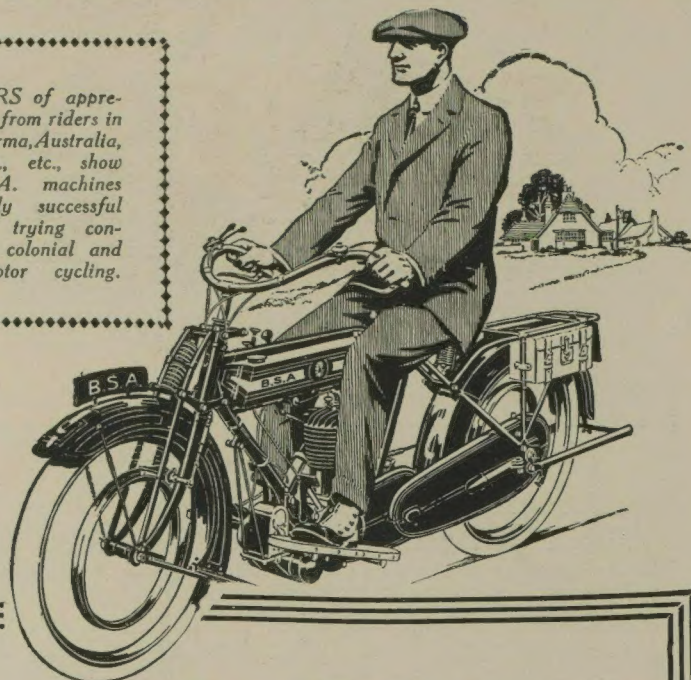
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